# CHARLTON,

## OR SCENES IN

# THE NORTH OF IRELAND;

## A Tale.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY JOHN GAMBLE, ESQ

AUTHOR OF "IRISH SKETCHES," "SARSFIELD," "HOWARD,"
&c. &c. &c.

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In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!

GOLDSMITH.

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VOL. I

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY.

1823.

# PREFACE.

I CAME to the remote part where I write this, on a visit of a few weeks, or at the most months, and I have stayed, I think years. I had expected to have passed the interval in a different land, and to have presented to the public a different work; —but vain are the expectations of man! I have lived in this mountain region, and have nothing better to offer than a mountain tale. It is truly such;—the characters are all natives of these mountains, nor does the scene ever shift from among them. It has, I fear, many faults; but it has at least one merit—it is, I flatter myself, a faithful representation of the people whom I describe. I

compare not myself with a great Scottish writer—but I am, I trust, free from a fault which has been attributed to him. I deal with the most perfect impartiality towards my different characters, to whatever sect or party they may belong. Little merit, after all, is there in this; for in the transactions of men, there is generally little to approve, much to condemn, and more to lament,—in an especial manner in the transactions of this unhappy land, seemingly doomed at all times—at all seasons, and their change, to exhibit little other variety, than that of suffering and strife.

The period of my story is that of the late rebellion, a period of such horror in many parts of Ireland, as perhaps to make it an unfit subject for a tale; yet happily a variety of circumstances combined to make it often a scene of wonder, sometimes of admiration,

and always one of interest. The songs are the real songs which were then sung; and they exerted such an influence, that it would be unpardonable to have overlooked them, in a narrative founded on the transactions of those days. The only verses of my composition are the Carmelite Hymn, in the ninth chapter of the third volume, and the concluding lines of the tenth chapter of the same volume.

To enumerate the causes which in the North divested the rebellion of many of its terrors, would be to repeat much that I have formerly written. I shall make a few brief observations only. In other parts of Ireland, it is to be lamented that there are only two classes in society—and that the third, which is the best, is wanting—at the period treated of, it was not wanting here. There were not only three classes, but it

may likewise be said, three nations: the gentry, who were the English Irish; the merchants, shop-keepers, and manufacturers, who were the Scotch Irish; and the servants and labourers, who were mostly composed of the native Irish. The second class was by far the most industrious, and possibly was likewise the most enlightened body: equally removed from the extremes of want and wealth, it was in that middle state between poverty and riches, in which the royal preacher wished to be placed.

In most other countries, the gentry give the tone to society: here, in a great measure at least, it is the middle class that gives it; it is the link which unites the other two—to a certain degree, correcting their errors, and softening their hatreds. In consequence of this, the gentry of the North are milder in their manners, and bear their

faculties more meekly, than in the West and South of Ireland.

It is, therefore, among the Presbyterians of Ulster, that the provincial character is to be sought; and it is but justice to them to say, that their virtues are far more numerous than their defects. In general, they are great readers of the Bible. It is the first book that is put into their hands; and all their ideas take a tinge from it, and often their phrases—they are accustomed to reflect, and to talk on the doctrines it contains; and are, therefore, great reasoners on theological, as well as on other subjects.

There are few great farmers—the country-people are mostly weavers, and have a few acres of land only. This is the ancient, and almost patriarchal mode of life, more favourable to happiness and morality—to national prosperity, though not perhaps

to bloated national greatness, than any other.

An ardent love of liberty is another strong feature in the Northern character. It was the irregular expansion of this spirit which in a great measure caused the rebellion, and which, as well as my slender abilities would allow, I have exhibited in action, in the following tale.

In the condition in which my sight during the last two winters has been, it would be idle in me to say what I shall or shall not do; but should summer do for me that which summer hitherto has often done, I purpose to visit those parts of the kingdom inhabited by the native Irish, and to exhibit them, their feelings, manners, and customs, possibly in such a work as the present one. But however that may be, I have now done with the North of Ireland,

I may say for ever; and time it is, and more than time perhaps, that I should. It was said of Rome, on the death of Augustus, that he found it brick, and that he left it marble—*lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit.* I found (I trust I may without arrogance say) the Northern Irish character unknown; I leave it known. I discovered a great quarry, and have given various specimens, rough at times, no doubt, and angular; but the quarry from which they were taken is of marble.

# CHARLTON.




## CHAP. I.

The snow dissolved, no more is seen,
The fields and woods, behold, are green;
The changing year renews the plain;
The rivers know their banks again;
The changing year's successive plan
Proclaims mortality to man.

ON a fine morning in the month of March, a young man left the place of his birth, to settle himself in life. He was a young surgeon; and as the towns in his neighbourhood were more than sufficiently stocked, he was bound to one about sixty miles distant, where they were less numerous, and where he was encouraged to go.

Trifling as was the distance, he had a

feeling of melancholy; for what heart of sensibility ever left its native home without more or less of such a feeling; and the quiet tranquillity of his late habitation, irksome enough possibly while it lasted, now only endeared it to him the more.

We are so formed, that we never perhaps fully know the value of any blessing, till we have lost, or are about to lose it; at least it was so with our hero, into whose constitution (under apparent levity) melancholy entered at least for a share. He travelled slowly therefore, and instead of handling or counting his money, as Gil Blas had done in a similar situation, he turned round when he had arrived at the top of a high hill, and took a long look of the place he was leaving behind.

He traced the curling smoke as it flickered round the humble dwelling, and (not without moistened eyes) gazed on the little garden as it descended to the shallow water which flowed past its verdant hedge.

"Vale so green and beautiful!" ex-

claimed he, "you will still seem so when I shall see you no longer. Shallow water! gently you move on to bury yourself in the vast ocean; slowly you go from me, while I hurry forward into a troublesome world, where I may soon be lost for ever like you."

Death, for it was of that the young man was thinking, is not, in his own person at least, the ordinary visto, either of surgeon's or apothecary's prospects; but, in the present instance, the reflection was not altogether an unnatural one; for the reader must be here informed that my hero was a native of the north of Ireland, and that the time I treat of was that unfortunate one which immediately preceded the late rebellion. It was during this or a similar period, that some blunderer, real or pretended, said he should not much wonder, if they should all awake some morning with their throats cut.

Our young traveller was roused from his

meditations by the boisterous approach of an acquaintance, who, according to the custom of the country, was to convey him a few miles on his way. This friendly personage was a little dapper fellow, on a horse not much larger than a mule, clad in a white coat with mother-of-pearl buttons, and with a visage, though in unequal proportions, of the ruby and pearl combined; or rather, as was said of a great man's countenance of old, it was a mulberry strewed over with meal.

In no other respect did he resemble the illustrious person of whom this was spoken, and least of all could he lay claim to the appellation of Felix. He was a printer, but had thriven so badly by his literary labours, that types, forms, and presses had been lately under seizure; therein resembling, as in relating this untoward circumstance he never failed to remark, the great Guttemburg, who (spite of the devil and Doctor Faustus) he made the first inventor of

printing, and who, in the ungrateful city of Strasburg, experienced it seems a similar calamity.

The worthy dealer in types was by profession, and perhaps by poverty, a great friend of freedom, or of the people rather, for that was the phrase of the day; but his first salutation was on a still more interesting subject.

"Nation seize it, man," said he, "what took you on so fast? I had brewed a drop of as nice whiskey and milk as heart could covet; and waited, and waited, and still no sign of your coming, so I even tipped it off myself, and it went down as sweet as mother's milk."

"Sweeter I should think," replied the young man endeavouring to hide his emotion; for youth is ashamed of many things it ought not, and as much perhaps of sensibility as any, because it deems it not manly; "mother's milk would never keep up that fine colour of yours."

"It's the fast riding," said the worthy

convoy, who seemed indeed not much at home in the saddle.

"Helped it may be," resumed the other, "by the two great eggs beat up with mustard and vinegar, you took last night for supper; to say nothing of the tumblers (I did not count them), to keep the *goose* from rising on your stomach."

"Conscience! and a good thing too; and you would do well to take a tumbler, aye, and a good stiff one, yourself; now that you are going among men, aye, and fighting men it may be, too; for nation seize me, if just now you might not pass for a girl in boy's clothes."

"Indeed! and so you, my cunning Ulysses, would recommend a goose-egg and whiskey-bottle, instead of sword and target, to prove the young Achilles's manhood. But live the court of king Lycomedes, or of king Log, I say, and if needs must be, the woman's distaff; and let those who like it, cry Vive la liberté, and see what they will get by it."

"I will cry it as long as I have breath," said the little equestrian, raising himself in the stirrups; "and in proper place and season will defend it with dag and dagger, as heretofore, to your own knowledge, I have done with pica and primer, both great and small."

"I know that you are a very industrious and pains-taking printer," replied the young man; "and that whole reams (I may say sheafs) of ballads have issued from your press, to the great edification of lasses at their wheels, and of lads who listen to them; but how you have served the cause of liberty I have yet to learn."

"*Fus est ab huste doceri*," said the learned printer; "which means, as Priest Flaherty, when his Ordination of Divine Origin, a gentle hint to the Methodists, was printing in our office, explained to me— which means, Learn from an enemy; though I am no enemy of yours, God he knows, but very much your friend. But wasn't it serving the cause of liberty to set up page

after page, and work off with my own hands (at after hours, mind ye, there was no trusting 'prentice or journeyman with such a job as that), The Rights of Man, parts the First and Second; and wasn't it serving it, and well serving it too, to send abroad that rare collection of songs called Paddy's Resource, which my flying stationers, as I call them, bore with such speed all over the country, that from that time forward it has got the name of Paddy's Race-horse?"

"It is as ill at times to have to do with a horse as it is with a halter," said our youth; "and I wish that that horse of yours may not some time or other come back to you with one. You have, and by right of trade too, an absolute power over words and sentences, and exercise it at times as despotically as Mrs. Malaprop for her life could have done; but beware of the long letter—*longam facere litteram*, is but a sorry species of caligraphy."

"It may be, or it may not be," replied

the man of types; "for to tell you the truth, I do not understand a word of what you are talking about. Like Peter Porcupine, the great American writer, I study my own tongue, and know little, and care less about your Latin flourishes."

"I hope you will never know more of the flourishes to which I am alluding," said the young man; "in plain English, *longam facere litteram* (the gods avert such an omen), means, to be hanged."

"It has been many a good man's case," said the gallant printer, whose courage was possibly heightened by the double dose of mother's milk he had taken; "and should it be mine, and in times such as these no one can tell what may happen, I hope, as the poor sailor said to the judge, I should be able to bear it." "And were it for the good of my country," continued he, raising himself in his saddle, "I should stand on the highest rung of the ladder, singing psalm and psalter, and would be prouder of my hempen collar, than ever fool was of

his silken garter. And talking of this, puts me in mind of one night last winter that I was at our little theatre. By the bye who would have thought that Jempsey Donald's turf house would have made so nice a one. But as I was saying, I was one night there last winter when the play was Jane Shore; the part of Jane Shore by Miss Olivia Owens—three scores underneath—that is, you know, print in capitals, —from the Theatre Royal, Smock Alley; nothing less I assure you. But I don't mention this so much on her account, though she was a well-looking wench, and a good actress too; but there was Mortimer, who performed Hastings, a great actor, if ever there was one upon earth, and yet he was originally only a buckle-maker, in Birmingham or Sheffield; and when buckles were no longer worn, he fairly buckled Fortune on his back, as little Crook-back says, and took himself to the stage. I wish you had heard him repeat the following lines; I am sure, as somebody

of old said of Chevy Chase, they warmed my heart like the sound of a trumpet, and I must repeat them to you, they come in so pat to what we were talking about:—

"I own the glorious subject fires my breast,
And my soul's darling passion stands confess'd;
Beyond or love's or friendship's sacred band,
Beyond myself I prize my native land;
On this foundation would I build my fame,
And emulate the Greek and Roman name;
Think—a hem—England's peace bought cheaply with my blood,
And die with pleasure for my country's good."

"You were in the habit, I believe, of attending the theatre," said our youth, willing to keep the conversation in this channel, and possibly thinking the stage a safer as well as a pleasanter subject of discussion than the state.

"Deed was I," replied the printer, "and reason good I should, for I printed the bills. Printers and players, you know, are near kindred; and my kinsmen who, as Hamlet says, were something more than

kin, and less that kind, paid me with plays, instead of pounds sterling. However, I still got some value for my money, for whenever I chose I took in the whole office, devil and all; and when there was a thin house, which was no uncommon occurrence, we spread ourselves out in the pit, and made a respectable appearance. And one night in a special manner we did good service—aye, as good service," continued he, bursting into a laugh, "as ever Falstaff did at Shrewsbury. The officers, you must know, had begun their usual canaries, and nothing would serve my gentlemen but 'God Save the King,' and 'Hats off in the pit there;' and next came 'Down with the Croppies,' and to—where I shall not mention—with the Republicans and Presbyterians. So when I saw the fray was fairly beginning, what does I do but send for my two pressmen; and they didn't come empty handed neither—for they brought their best balls with them; and—I had just been at work on Goldsmith's Rome, and

knew a thing or two,—and I placed them in the very front of the battle, and made them take aim at their enemies' faces, for all the world like Cæsar's soldiers at the battle of Pharsalia; and diel take me, if in less time than it has taken me to tell you this, there was one of those gallant cavaliers, that mightn't have jumped on the stage, and acted either Zanga or Othello, and never needed another streak of blacking."

"It was an ingenious devise, certainly," said the young man; "and I trust that all your future exploits will be of a like bloodless kind.—Printer and player may, as you say, be a kin, but printer and author I am sure are still more so; and the only fluid they should ever use in their quarrels (they are arrant bunglers when they meddle with any other) is their professional one. What epilogue-maker is it who says

"I'll fight—that's write, a cavaliero true,
Till every drop of blood—that's ink, be shed for you?'

"I don't know," replied the other, "but whoever he is, his epilogue won't do for a prologue to our forthcoming Piece. We must shed other fluid, and not be sparing of it neither. Like the great Sultan, we must mark with the whole hand; and it must not be dipped in ink, mind ye. And that," continued the little man, checking his horse, "puts me in mind of what I was intending to say to you. We must ride easy over this rough road, and therefore I shall now give you a bit of advice, which, if you take it, may not be the worse for you hereafter."

"What, in the other world?" asked our youth; "for some of your advice, if taken, would have left me but a short space in this."

"I do not remember any advice I ever gave you," replied the other, "except for your good; or indeed any advice I ever gave you at all, but once that you were lounging in the office, doing nothing yourself, and hindering me from doing any

thing, I advised you to begin and sort pie, if it was nothing else, and distribute letter; by which means when your doctoring, and other professions which shall be nameless, had failed, you might have had at your fingers' ends a good trade that never fails. Oh! aye, and another time I recollect, I told you to throw away your Cecilias and your Evelinas, that you were always poring over; and if there were nothing better to be had, even to take up the history of Troy's destruction; which, God help us, was the first book I ever printed, as I believe it was the first printed by the great Caxton himself."

"And to take up the Rights of Man, and, for aught I know, the Age of Reason," said the young man. "That's just what I complain of; when all my fore-fathers were loyal and religious people, and I was early taught, as you yourself know, to fear God and honour the King.

"Fear God in welcome," replied the liberal printer, "for it is the beginning of

wisdom; but I know no right you have to honour the king a bit more or less, than your neighbours about you do. And mind I tell you, they don't take it well; but, on the contrary, very ill, that you should differ so much from them in your way of thinking; and one day or other you may be put to trouble on that account."

"I know not what the neighbours, as you call them, have to do with my affairs," said the young man; "I meddle not with theirs. However, I am now going from among them, and they will be no longer neighbours of mine."

"But you will have neighbours, who will not spare to say their say neither—where you are going, or go where you will; and you will not have me to look after you, or to speak a word in your behalf. Why, man, the whole country's *up*, far and wide, east and west, north and south. But the country, say I! Why the very birds of the air, and the lilies of the field," continued the orator; kindling as he proceeded, "are

*up*, as the song sings, this beautiful day, and cry shame on you for not being up too."

"The lilies of the field," replied gravely the young man, "toil not, neither do they spin," "yet are they well and beautifully arrayed; and as to the birds of the air, they eat, whatever be their politics. But because they are *up* as you term it, must I be *up* too, and go without raiment and food; for surely you do not suppose that the gentry I am going among, would ever employ a United Irishman as a doctor."

"Ah! *voila le hit*," said the sagacious printer, whose perception of character was greater than his knowledge either of French or Latin; "I wish you were tied on the gentry's back, or one of them on yours. I wouldn't say an uncivil thing, particularily now that we are so near parting; but nation sieze me if I don't think you would be a worse bargain-maker than Esau himself was, for he got an entire mess of pottage at all events for his birth-right; but you, I verily believe, would sell yours,

for the honour forsooth of eating it in company with a great man. But I should know something, I think, of the gentry you are going among, and they need be the least of your thoughts; for mind, I tell you, who never told you a lie, they will never employ you if you were to live to the age of Methuselah. You may as well therefore be a United Irishman, for they will call you one, whether you be so or not."

"That's one wise word you have spoken at all events," said the young man;" our gentry are boon companions; but I admit bad logicians, and my head at present (putting up his hand to it) is down-rightly Republican. However, I still retain so much of the gentleman as to scratch with one finger only; *uno scalpere digito*, as Pompey, you know, did, Mr. Cowper."

This Mr. Cowper did not know; and therefore prudently replied to the former part of the speech, "Aye, a Croppy they will call you, and so as well a Croppy you may be. And besides, my man of wax,

it will never be merry days, as I have read some where or other, in old Ireland, more than in old England, until there is not a gentleman left remaining among us. There was Squire Swallow, whom I have heard tell of: he was a gentleman forsooth, and a rare specimen of the breed he was, as well as of the times he lived in. He would put a man in gaol, or in the stocks just when he pleased, and nobody said it was wrong. He would horse-whip a tradesman when he presented his bill at an inconvenient time, and nobody said it was wrong. He shot dogs for barking; imprisoned Catholics for keeping arms in their houses; fined Quakers for not paying tythes; was near getting a Presbyterian punished for voting against him at the vestry; and kept a farmer's son in gaol longer than I can tell, for shooting a partridge; yet nobody said, nobody dared to say, it was wrong. But, as the player said to Hamlet, we have indifferently reformed this, and I hope we shall soon reform it altogether."

"I wish," replied the young man, "it may not be like the tinkers, who in mending one hole are said to make two. However, that is your concern, and not mine; I neither make nor meddle with state-kettle or drum."

"When the people's drum beats," said Mr. Cowper, a little testily, "you must meddle, or it will, may be, beat such a reveille in your ears, that you shall never hear another until dooms-day. But we will talk of that hereafter," continued he with a more gracious tone. "And now my good friend, God bless and prosper you; and mind the last words I say to you are, do not shelter yourself under a falling stack."

## CHAP. II.



In the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things, for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistracy;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all,
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty.



EVENING brought Charlton, for that was our young traveller's name, to a lone house in the midst of mountains, about half way between the place he was leaving, and that to which he was bound. It was the habitation of a friend whom he had not seen since he was a boy. The good man was usher of the school in which he had been

educated, and had always treated him with particular kindness; in consideration of which he had been often taken from his principal's scanty board, to partake of the other's more replenished one.

The worthy usher, after a probation rough and long, perhaps as that of Jacob, was now the Presbyterian clergyman of a mountain congregation, and settled in this rude spot, which our youth had prudently sought out for his gite for the night. It was the custom of the country, for in those days nobody thought of stopping at an inn, when a friend's, or even an acquaintance's house was within his reach. Charlton however had a superior motive to that of economy, for he was really desirous to see again his old and esteemed friend.

I wonder, said he to himself as he came in view of the habitation, whether my worthy teacher in technical phraseology be *up*, or whether the times have changed him as much as they have my little trussed-up friend, I have just parted with. In regu-

larity and method he is not changed, continued he as he rode into the little court, which was a confused mass of weed, mortar, and mud.

As he was alighting, a figure showed itself at the door, and at the sight of a stranger on horseback, drew itself in again.

"*Malum omen*," said our youth, "to have the door shut in one's face. However, I suppose my worthy host is not prepared for seeing company, and is withdrawn to dress himself. That surely was his own self; there could be no mistaking that carroty head and unbottoned waistcoat. Hang the noisy cur, the slip-shod dame who slowly approaches, is, I am sure, no Eurydice to be so carefully guarded."

"Sorrow on the yelping throat o' ye!" said the good lady, apostrophizing the mountain Cerberus, "did you never see a young gentleman afore; a bonny one my troth, and mounted on a bonny beast, harness and aw' complete. Wee'll jist

aleet, surr, and yoke your baist to the gate till Jempsey comes, and step ye in wi' me."

They entered accordingly, and our hero was turning to the right, in which direction the apparition of his friend he thought had vanished, but the old lady laid hands on him.

"Eh, the guid man save us, not that way my bonny surr," exclaimed she; "the doctor is cleaning himself, and would na be seen in his ordinar for a golden guinea. Eh, he's aye sore vexed to be taken wi' a long beard on. Wee'll for ye, ye came the time ye did; for I have known him send away gentles, aye Squire Eckeles, man, and tap laidies frae the grove that come to tak tay wi' him, bekays it was Wednesday (he aye shaves a Thursday, and the night afore the Sabbath,) and send them word to come the morrow's e'en. But he'll see you a trow when he has smoothed himself a bit. So sit ye down here."

"Where," asked the young man, recoil-

ing from the seat which she offered him, and which by its appearance might have been a banqueting-place overlooked by the Harpies.

"It's only a wheen praty skins," resumed the dame; "never mind them, Honey, the praty is cleanly and sonsey too;" wiping the chair however with her apron, and scattering the skins about the floor.

"Nay, rather don't mind yourself, my good dame," said the young man almost choked with the dust, which, in her new-born zeal for cleanliness, she was raising; "dust and cobwebs, and that broken crock of butter, are all, I do not doubt, sonsey in their way too; but it would take the long day to settle them; and it is now only March, and the evening. Will you rather step in to his Reverence, for shaved or unshaved I suppose you see him, and tell him that young Mr. Charlton—Charles Charlton, of Bourne is here, and wishes to see him."

"Troth will a; he's ay glad to see any

one from that part, and vexed he'll be that his place is so ill red up. But you maun know," said the good lady speaking confidentially, and lowering a little her voice, "there was a grand jollification of the boys the Thursday's e'en, and a ha na had time since to bliss mysel."

The grand jollification of the 'boys,' or the 'lads,' as they were indiscriminately called, our youth had not knowledge enough of the phraseology of the country to know, meant that there had been a great meeting, or merry-making of the United Irishmen on that day.

The old lady now hobbled away, and left him seated on the crazy chair she had so carefully cleaned, supported in his state by a meal tub on one hand, and the broken crock of salt butter on the other.

Before he had time to extend his observations further, he heard hurried steps in the passage.

The good dame, thought he, returns at a greater rate than she went. "I pray to

Heaven I may not yet have to seek a lodging, although it be shaving day, or rather night, as my stomach fails not to remind me."

The door now flew open, and the worthy pastor rushed in with his coat off, for the greater convenience of shaving, and though he had completed that operation, flourishing his razor still. His joy was as great as his appearance was ludicrous.

"*Salve! salve! salve!*" exclaimed he with tears in his eyes! "Welcome a hundred and hundred times! Blessed be God that I live to see under my roof the son of the good woman, who had me so often under hers, when I had but cold quarters and a scanty meal, it may be, at home. Eh God guide us," continued he, looking affectionately on the young man, "how you are grown; a man, a big man too, that yesterday as it seems I left a boy.—*Horæ cedunt, et dies, et menses, et anni; nec præteritum tempus unquam revertitur.*

—I am old I see, and never before perceived it."

So saying, he again shook our youth by the hand, and returned to finish his dressing, while the young man thought it prudenter to walk into the open air, until the room had undergone a similar operation.

On his return he found that chaos had given place to something resembling order; and that with the quick dispatch which at times contrasts so much with habitual dilatoriness, both minister and chamber were much improved in their appearance. Mr. Dimond, for that was the good man's name, had on his Sunday coat; a little powder was shaken through his hair, and the back of his coat, as was still the lingering custom, was unsparingly powdered, or, more strictly speaking, dusted with the flour-box. Our hero's head, as has already been hinted, was arranged *à la Republicaine;* but not even a Parisian artist could have given his fair round face and light

brown hair the true revolutionary cast. In his blue eye, transparent forehead, and red cheek, a physiognomist would have discovered much gentleness of disposition, some indecision perhaps of character, but little of high resolve.

In no long time dinner, or supper rather was set before them, which, as our youth was happily hungry from his long fasting and day's ride, he eat without too closely regarding its nature or manner of cookery. The host made the usual apologies, and regretted extremely, and what is not so common with such regrets, sincerely, that he had not known of his coming, that he might have been better prepared.

"I could not have promised you mild pears as Tityrus did to Melibœus," said he, "for this is not the season for them; nor soft chesnuts, for we know nothing of them here except by name; but I should at least have had a piece of fresh meat, and what a country house should never be without, *pressi copia lactis*, plenty of curds

and cream. But this is but coarse mountain fare," continued the learned gentleman, "and fit only for mountain palates. To relish black broth, you know, it was necessary to be bathed in the Eurotas."

Scarcely was the cloth removed, when the whiskey bottle, warm water, and sugar, were set on the table, and the delighted host, with so many objects of happiness around and before him, again gave expression to his feelings.

"*O! Dies felix*," exclaimed he, "*lapide albo notandus*—or by taking an extra tumbler, which will just serve the purpose as well. Now tell me—there was no asking you before, for the belly, as was well remarked by Cato, has no ears; but tell me now, *Satin' salvæ?*—Is all well at home?"

"Quite well, I thank you," said the young man, "but more sorrow than needed to have been, considering the short way I was going, on my leaving them this morning."

"And where are you going, my good

young Mr. Charles?—*Quis Deus aut casus Deo felicior nos conjunxit?* What good wind is it that drives you into these regions, and whither are you bound?"

The young man, or Charlton as he may more shortly be called, acquainted him with the place of his destination, and the object of his journey.

"It is a good object," replied the worthy clergyman, "a good and a legitimate one. When we cannot get food in the valley, we must seek it like the eagles on the mountain top. I am sure I have reason to say so; for here I am sitting in the middle of heather, where not so much as a flower blows before September, fourscore miles and upwards from my beloved home and native fields. *Sed nimis multa de nugis; ad majora veniamus,* as Tully says. Is this really your object, my good young friend? or is it not rather a fictitious one? Would you not rather be on the move to see what is going forward? A delegate may be?" continued he, look-

ing very significantly, and making a sign with his hands.

"Ah, ha," thought Charlton, "have we delegates in the dance? Now for a second edition of the Rights of Man, and my little friend Bibliopola (I have no nearer word for printer) *Redivivus*."

"But no, you need not answer," resumed Mr. Dimond, as our youth was preparing to speak: "I see that you know nothing of the matter—*O! Dii immortales!* to live to your time of day, and be so ignorant! Not even the oath of secresy," continued he, on finding another signal disregarded; "to think of your good friends letting you travel abroad without sign or counter-sign, and may be to get knocked down at the first turn for being an Aristocrat!"

"What!" asked Charlton, "will the friends of freedom, allow no freedom of choice?"

"Surely will they, my good young Mr. Charlton—the fullest freedom, to be either

a friend or an enemy: *In publico discrimine omnis homo miles est.* You know it was made criminal by one of Solon's laws, to stand neuter in a time of public commotion."

"Your lawgivers, I fear," said Charlton, "are rather of the Draco school, and blood-letting seems their favourite remedy. But that is no concern of mine—let others make wounds, I mend them; I shall not want employment, I fancy."

"You are under a mistake," said Mr. Dimond, "though it is not an uncommon one; there will be little blood-letting, as you term it, and that too of a kind that can well be spared; only of proud lords and pampered prelates."

"How so, I pray you?" said the young man. "Is the Union to jump into the vacant throne, like the rebel in the Rehearsal; while Government stands still with its arms folded, and lets itself be decimated, like a Roman legion which had fled before the enemy? You see, my good

master, I retain something of what your kindness taught me."

"I see," replied Mr. Dimond, "that you are a lively youth, to whom the world is no trouble, as it was none to myself when I was at your years. But where there is no difference of opinion," continued the good man, gravely, "there can be no argument; when the people are all of one mind, there will be no contention."

"No, surely; but when was that the case, or when will it ever be the case in Ireland?—on doomsday, or the day after?"

"Soon will it be the case," exclaimed the good man, with enthusiasm, which the liquor of which he was partaking, no ways, in all probability, lessened; "soon will come that happy and hallowed hour. A little while and the heavenly cloud of reform, like the thick cloud on Mount Sinai, shall circle round and round, until none, or next to none, shall be left to hurt or harm on all the holy mountain. See you not how small at first, and lowly, it has

risen to the hills from the lakes and valleys, and overcast the Western sky? Its enemies, too! how they hated and ridiculed; feared and trembled; hesitated and approved; applauded and embraced! The persecutor of yesterday, like Paul journeying to Tarsus, illumined by sudden light, is to-day its true apostle, and zealous convert. Nor shall I greatly wonder," continued he, after a pause, and as if intending a still stronger illustration, "to see the day when Pitt and Buonaparte shall join hands together, and be nearly friends of freedom alike."

The good man did not know how truly he said; and that at the moment he was speaking, the one illustrious person, though in a very different manner from what he intended, was just about as sincere and zealous a friend of freedom as the other.

"But you do not drink, I see," resumed he; "so we will send these things away, and while tea is getting ready, I will read you my dream on this very subject."

"A real dream, is it," asked the young

man, laughing, "on a good four-post bed? or only a literary one, between the *sheets?*"

"The dream,—it becomes not me to say celebrated," replied the author with becoming modesty, "that appeared in the Northern Star about this time last year; all the world heard of it, and you surely must have heard of it too."

"I am ashamed to say I never did," more plainly than pleasantly, said Charlton; "but pray let me hear it now; sleep begets dreams; and who knows but that yours may return the compliment and beget sleep."

"If it does," replied the good man, "it cannot be a sounder one than I wish you; certes you have given the author a good lesson, aye, as good a one as Cicero's acquaintance gave him on his return from Sicily, full of his grand doings there.—You remember the story, I dare say?"

"I do not; but I should like to hear it now; and, I own, in preference to either vision or dream. I love Cicero with all

my heart and soul; for he had the intellect of a Deity, with the feelings, failings perhaps, of a poor mortal like myself; and I think I see him at this moment journeying through Cilicia, and listening, with greedy ear and delighted countenance, to the populace as they crowded round him, and cried to each other, 'Is not this the Consul who saved Rome!' 'Is not this he whom the Senate so much honoured!'"

"Cicero was a great man," said the Clergyman, unfolding his manuscript, "and an eloquent orator; or rather, as Quintilian has well said, his name is that of eloquence itself. But his highest praise is, that he was the friend of Brutus; and that that distinguished person, the mighty deed just done, held up the bloody dagger, and called loudly on him by name—*Cruentum pugionem tenens, Ciceronem exclamavit.* But, as to the story, you will find it told by a better story-teller than me, and that is by himself, in one of his epistles to Atticus; and therefore I refer you to a

shelf in your own room, where, most likely, you shall find the volume."

The fatigues of the day surmounted, the blazing turf fire, and cheering drink, had so elevated our youth's spirits, that he was disposed to be still further jocular with his old master; but recollecting that an author with his open manuscript is not like the renowned Grizzle, a pattern of patience, he composed himself to decent attention, and attempted no further interruption.

He could not, however, altogether control an occasional fit of yawning; for the worthy dreamer, in opposition to Horace's rule, was by no means in a hurry to a conclusion; and as yawning is not only involuntary, but catching, we shall not here expose ourselves to a similar mortification: we mean not, however, that the good man's dream is undeserving of being retold; on the contrary, according to the approved manner of interpreting dreams, it was a pertinent one, and an experienced Seer might read its fulfil-

ment in the present condition of Ireland.—"The gods and goddesses descended in their azure clouds, and bestowed on it, as it were in envy of each other, their richest and choicest blessings; the fir came up instead of the thorn; and instead of the briar, the myrtle-tree; and peace and plenty were over all the land!"

But he awoke, and, like honest John Bunyan, found it was all a dream!

## CHAP. III.

For not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle; but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom.

It was on a Saturday (an unlucky day in popular opinion to begin a journey) that the young man, as the reader may have gathered from the preceding chapter, set out on his expedition; the following day of course was Sunday, or the Sabbath, as it is more reverently termed, and consequently a day of rest. A day of rest Charlton would have liked literally to have made it: but politeness required, and indeed he found it was expected, that he should accompany his host to his meeting-

house, as a place of Presbyterian worship is called here, and hear him preach.

"Give me your honest opinion of the discourse," said the good man; "tell truth and fear not; for if I know myself, I am no more irascible as an orator than as an author."

"You are not born then, I fear, to be distinguished either as the one or the other," replied the candid young man; "for irascibility seems essential to them both. The great man whom we were last night talking about, I think it is who says, that no orator (he might probably have added poet and author too) thinks another superior to himself."

The meeting-house was a few miles distant, and was a low, mean-looking building, without spire, steeple, bell, or ornament of any kind. Spire, steeple, and bell, are imperial appendages, and belong to the Established Church; and Presbyterian primness rejects ornament as unseemly and unsuited to a place of public worship. It

had the look of decay, though, making allowance for the accumulation of cobwebs on the windows, and dust on the seats and floor, it was (with the further exception of the roof) pretty much in the same condition as it had been on the first day. The roof was unceiled, and done by no skilful, or, as the job was a public one, more probably by no heeding artist; the slates straggled wide from each other, and in more than one place were altogether away in consequence of the violence of the mountain wind.

Through these openings, that wind, though it was now little more than a summer's breeze, sounded in melancholy unison with the solemn, though monotonous psalm tune, as it was singing; while the old trees, indistinctly seen through the darkened windows, waving their high heads; and the croaking of the rooks, fluttering amidst the bending branches, and (entering by the riddled roof) over the people's heads, gave a melancholy, and as it were exalted cha-

racter to the worship, uniting the frail assemblage within, to the immensity without, and making the crazy and opening edifice seem nature's own temple itself.

The sermon was a plain and perspicuous one; and Charlton remarked with satisfaction, not unmingled with surprise, that it had little allusion to politics; except the introduction of the following text, which in all probability was in allusion to a government fast that had been ordered for the ensuing Wednesday, might be regarded as such:—" Behold, ye fast for strife and debate, and to smite with the fist of wickedness: ye shall not fast as ye do this day, to make your voice to be heard on high."—" Is it such a fast as I have chosen? a day for a man to afflict his soul? is it to bow down his head as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him? wilt thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day to the Lord?—Is not this the fast that I have chosen, to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the

oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?—Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out, to thy house; when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him, and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?"

When the service was over (it lasted little longer than five hours), the minister, accompanied by his elders, and followed by our youth, who, as a special favour, was allowed to enter the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, proceeded to the little retiring room, which adjoined the meeting-house. Here the select conclave reviewed the discourse, and refreshed their exhausted spirits with the modicum of whiskey, which usage almost immemorial allows on such an occasion.

The sermon and its merits were freely canvassed; and while it was praised by some, it was censured with as little ceremony by others. The worthy preacher little heeding such critics, and thinking, it is to be feared, more of theories of govern-

ment than of theology, took fortune's buffets and rewards almost with equal thanks; drinking to old and new light with nearly the same cordiality;—and when his steed was led forth, he was assisted to mount by an elder of one and the other school.

The evening was passed by him and his young guest in conversation, such as that of the preceding one; nor could the latter think without wonder, and indignation too, that so good and harmless a man as he had known him to be, should have been thus seduced from the straight and safe path of his profession, into the rough and perilous one of political strife. "O thou subtle and invisible spirit of politics," exclaimed he with at least as much justice as Cassio apostrophised wine; "if thou has no name to be known by, let us call thee devil."

The devil of vanity perhaps it was, in some measure at least, which in this instance had of a sober clergyman made a zealous revolutionist. In a moment of

idleness he had written a long letter to the Lord Lieutenant for the time being, which, under a Greek signature, appeared in the papers of the day. However it might have been received, or whether it was ever read at all by the illustrious personage to whom it was addressed, it happened to be applauded by the public (possibly for the same reason that many other things are applauded, because they are not understood), and he wrote another and another, until his head became dizzy, and the poor limed soul, as Quarles, I think it is, has it, taken in the meshes of revolution, no longer struggled to be free; but like Fabricius on the success of his play, he gave up the solid for the specious, and renounced his profession, so far at least as the making it, as in his profession above all others it should be, the first consideration of his life.

These letters he read with great complacency to his youthful auditor, who, not to hurt a worthy man's feelings, hearkened

with complacency too; but as we have passed over his dream in silence, so shall we over these; for if we may venture to set up our judgment in opposition to that of the public, they were very indifferent compositions, filled with classic quotation and allusion; and unlike old Flamborough's stories, not only not about himself, but not about any order of things, or beings, then or now existing. They were the composition of a retired scholar, who knew the world only as it had been better than two thousand years before; and who wrote as if (as was said of a distinguished friend of freedom of old,) he had lived in the polity of Plato, and not (he lived at least in as bad) in the dregs of Romulus.

But in one of the newspapers which he drew forth from their hiding places, was a letter (the beginning of a series too) written in a different manner, and by a different hand; which as it presents a not unfaithful, though ludicrous and somewhat coarse display of popular feeling in times now long past, though doubtless by many still

with woe remembered, we shall venture to submit it to the reader.

"By your leave, Mr. Editor, a corner in your paper, if you please, for this my letter, the first that ever I wrote for print, and probably will be the last. I am in danger of being hanged or put in gaol, perhaps both. I want your advice like an honest man. —God help us, what is the world going to come to at last!

"But I'll tell the whole affair, and the cause of it. Billy Bluff, my neighbour, was up yesterday at the Squire's, with his duty hens.—'Well, Billy, what news?' saith the Squire—'Troth, sir, plenty o' news, but none very good,' says Billy.—'What's your neighbour R—— (meaning me) about now?'—'Why, please your honour, he's at the old cut, railing against the war, against the tythes, and against the game-laws; and he's still reading at the newspapers.'— 'He is a d——d villain, and must be laid fast; but what more do you know of him, Billy?'—'Why, bad enough, an' please

your honour. Him and the Popish priest drank together last market day till all was blue again with them; they shaked hands, so they did, drank toasts, and sung songs.' —'Pretty work by H——; did you overhear them?'—'Ah, that I did so, and listened like a pig.'—'What were the toasts?'—'First, the priest drank, Prosperity to Old Ireland, and'—'Stop, Billy, the toast is infamous; the word Old never was, and never ought to be applied to any country but England; and he who would apply it to Ireland, is a rebel, and ought to be hanged.'—'He ought, an' please your honour, as round as a hoop.'—'Well, what toast did the villain R—— drink?'—'He drank, Union and peace to the people of Ireland.'—'Worse and worse, Billy, a great deal worse; he who wishes union, wishes ruin to the country, I say ruin to the government, and that is ruin to the country.'— 'Union forsooth, that is what never was, and what never must prevail in this country; and as to peace, it is flying in the face of

government to speak of it; the devil send the ruffians peace till their betters choose to give it them.'

"Then, sir, the priest drank, 'Here's every man his own road to heaven.'—'That, Billy, is a toast that no man would drink, but a republican and sinner; for it supposes all men to be on an equality before God, and supposes that a man may go to heaven without being of the established church, which is impossible.'—'God bless your honour, I know that, and that is the reason I turned to church.'

"Then the toast R—— gave was, 'Liberty to those who dare to contend for it.' 'Impudent scoundrel!—the signal of rebellion, anarchy, and confusion! to contend implies opposition, opposition implies resistance, resistance implies war; war against the established orders; war against man and the God-head, as the great Grattan expressed it*; but tell me what other toasts did they drink?'—'Several that I can't just now call to mind.'—'Did they drink

success to the French?'—'No, an' please your honour, but they drank success to the righteous.'—'That's near as bad. Did they drink no more kings?'—'They did, and shook hands upon it; my neighbour R—— gave the toast, No more kings; said he, No more kings——to France.'—'To France, Billy? the villains had another meaning; aye, aye, they had another meaning. I know what the hypocritical villains meant, I know it perfectly; but by —— they shall be both hanged.'—'Certainly, please your honour, and the sooner the better.'—'What songs did they sing?'—'Why the priest sung Patrick's Day in the Morning; and then R—— sung Paddy Thwack, then the priest sung Grawny Wail, and then R—— sung O for an Union of Parties.'—'Confound Union, and confound Grawny Wail, and Paddy Thwack, and Patrick's Day in the Morning; they are all impudent, national, seditious songs; what more did you hear?'—'Please your honour, after the

songs they began to talk about religion, and so I came off and left them.'

"'You have done very well, Billy, very well; go to the kitchen, and I will order you a drink of beer; see and get me more news, and I'll give you a job at the roads next summer.'—'God prosper your honour.' 'But, Billy, you'll take care and be ready to swear when called on.'—'Edad, a pretty story, an' please your honour, if I could not swear what I would say, or what your honour would please.'

"Now, Mr. Editor, all this I had from the butler, who is an honest fellow, though a Catholic: he told me through friendship to the priest, for fear of the worst, as he called it. And although Bluff told some truth, he did not tell all the truth; for we drank several loyal toasts—we drank the King, Mr. Pitt, the Lord of the Manor, and many others, and we sung several good loyal songs. But the religious conversation is what I must tell you myself.

When we got a glass, I thought of touching the priest upon points: we had a tolerable bout on't; he made use of several hard words; not one of them did I understand, nor do I remember any of them but two, because he came over these two more than twenty times. 'What is the best religion?' said I.—'*Bonus homo*,' said he. 'What is your creed?' said I.—'*Bonus homo*,' said he again. 'What is it to be one of the elect?' said I.—'*Bonus homo*,' said he. 'What is your opinion of the Pope?' said I; 'can he send any body he pleases to heaven?'—'He neither can nor will,' said he, 'send any body to heaven, but a *bonus homo*.' 'Oh, then,' said I, '*Bonus homo* means popery, I suppose.' He smiled, and said it means just *bonus homo*, and neither more nor less.

"Off went I next to our minister, told him all the conversation, and how much I was puzzled about *bonus homo*. He said that the priest was right in every thing he said, except that the creed was too short,

quite too short to be adopted in any Christian country. Well, but if you please, what is the plain meaning of *bonus homo?* Why the literal meaning of *bonus homo* is a good man. *Ma sha fol de lol,* said I, with a caper, if that be the case, we are all one in the Latin. So, Mr. Editor, good bye to you; bonus homo is the creed for me,

"A PRESBYTERIAN.

"P. S. Tell me whether you think I shall be prosecuted for the company I kept with the priest: the squire observed to Bluff, that the shaking hands between me and him was worse than all the rest put together."

## CHAP. IV.



What, though religion's guardians taint her tide!
Pure is the fountain, though the stream flows wide:
Too oft her erring guides her cause betray;
Yet, rage grows impious, when it bars her way.



MONDAY morning was dedicated by the erudite Mr. Dimond to a composition of an humbler kind than that of dictating to a lord lieutenant—the writing a letter of introduction for our youth to the Presbyterian clergyman of the place of his destination.

"It will save you from going to an inn, at all events," said the good man, with whom politics it should seem were not at war with prudence. "My friend Mosley, though his mind is not so expanded as I could wish

it on certain subjects, is as honest a man as lives, and will keep you in his house until you get a lodging, or indeed as long as you choose to stay: so be sure to call on him the very first thing you do."

This the young man promised faithfully to do; and, to represent him as he really was, it is possible the motive suggested by his host had its due weight with him. It is whimsical how the shades of economy and extravagance mingle in the same character, and like the changing hues of lute-string, heighten and lessen according to the light in which they are placed. While the northern Irish of that day—at the present day they have little to be liberal with—might be regarded as a liberal people, they, as has already been mentioned, carefully avoided the expense of an inn, and made many a wearisome circuit, and crossed bog and briar, in search of the habitation of a friend, or even of an acquaintance.

In every country, however, there are

many who travel, who have neither the one nor the other; and the consequence to these at that time was, that the charges at inns were the greater, as in an empoverished country, taxes fall the heavier on the few who are able to pay them.

Though our host, as well as his guest, was thus frugal in his external, he was by no means so in his internal relations; for he had invited a large party for that day to dinner, and great preparations were making for the entertainment of them. With the usual indifference of the Irish to culinary concerns, he left the entire management of the kitchen to the old woman, with full privilege to boil, bake, and stew, at pleasure; while he himself was employed in the parlour, in the more important business of making the punch, and pouring it into jugs and decanters.

"It is not for every body," said he to our youth, who was ready at hand to give assistance, "that I would take all this

trouble; but the worthy citizens who are to be with us this day, countrymen though they be, are none of your Janus-headed fellows, with their faces turned different ways, but real Republicans all; United Irishmen every mother's son of them, and of my own making too. No easy matter, you will judge, when I tell you, that scarcely three years ago they were red-hot loyal men, bit by some mad Orangeman from the county of Armagh; and not only flaunted about, their fat wives and gausey daughters, with orange lilies at their breasts, orange ribbons in their hair, and orange handkerchiefs round their necks, but actually had their nankeen bree—— a-hem—I mean small-clothes dyed with arnotto, to give them the proper colour."

"No occasion to dye shirts or chemises," said Charlton, jesting; "long wearing, I warrant, does that as effectually for them as it did for the Spanish princess who had a vow in Heaven, and did not change hers,

to speak in old story phrase, for a twelvemonth and a day."

"The time may come when your princesses will be thankful to have chemises, or whatever other new-fangled name you may choose to give to their inner garments, to their backs at all," said Mr. Dimond, who possibly called to mind the generous intentions of the commonwealth of England, in favour of the Duke of Gloucester, and the Princess Elizabeth. "But—to return to what I was saying, now not so much as a sprig of orange is to be seen either in hedge or garden; not a lily to be had either for love or money, even if it bore as good as a price as a Haarlem tulip used to do in the Dutch market. And instead of getting drunk to the Glorious Memory, as they never failed regularly to do, shouting and bellowing, that, reasonably speaking, they might have been heard on the top of that high hill yonder; you will see them this blessed evening sitting round the table,

grasping each other's hands, singing Erin go bragh (Ireland for ever) in full chorus; and then starting all to their feet, and standing in solemn silence, while I fill a bumper to the cradle of young Liberty, wherein is laid the infant Hercules, who strangles the serpents of slavery, bigotry, and superstition."

"That is a long as well as difficult toast; and I should fear the enlightened citizens who are to be our fellow commoners to-day would have some difficulty in repeating it," said Charlton.

"Not a bit, not a bit more than you had when you were with me, in repeating the life of Miltiades in Cornelius Nepos," said his *quondam* teacher. "But I wish, my good young Mr. Charles, you may not in your heart be something of an aristocrat; for you seem to regard the people as brute folk (as Bluff King Harry used to call them) and fit only for digging and idtheng, ploughing and carting."

"I wish," replied Charlton, "they may always be as usefully employed; and the time, I fear, will soon come, when they may have reason to wish it themselves. The plough is a seemlier and safer implement in a poor man's hands than a pike. Triptolemus, you know, my good master, was reverenced as a deity by the most civilized people in the universe, while it was the barbarous Huns only who worshipped a sword!"

Two o'clock brought the little enlightened band, decently dressed in their Sunday clothes; and our youth was forced to acknowledge, that the Orange princess of his allusion had no counterpart, as far at least as they were visible, in their garments, whatever she might have in the colour of the weather-beaten faces and horny hands of some of them. I know not where it was I have read, but possibly in Plutarch, that a candidate in ancient Rome asked a citizen belonging to

one of the country tribes, whether he walked on his feet or his hands; and, by the bye, lost his election by the jest, which after all was no extraordinary one. Charlton did not ask a similar question of these rustic patriots, but there was at least equal ground for asking it.

As they were seating themselves at table, each person took a glass of whiskey in its undiluted state; the parson himself —though that appellation per excellence, or, we fear, we should rather say per contempt, is, we believe, generally confined to a clergyman of the Established Church— the parson himself, nothing loath, setting the example.

Our youth, to whom drunkenness, almost as much as politics, was new, anticipated from this hopeful commencement a day in which the shouting and bellowing of the old system, rather than the solemn silence of the new, should prevail; and that the new-fledged patriots would *water* (the

courteous reader, I trust, will pardon me the bull) the tree of liberty with the strong drink which they loved.

But here again he was mistaken; water was the beverage made use of at dinner, and punch only (toddy rather, for punch in its proper acceptation is little used in Ireland) was taken, and even sparingly taken, after it. Sobriety doubtless was inculcated from the apprehension of otherwise speaking too freely, and betraying secrets to an enemy; but, independently of such considerations, the enthusiasm of hope and opening freedom was in itself cordial sufficient, and elevated the soul above that sluggish listlessness which, in vacant and unemployed minds, is one of the greatest sources of drunkenness.

The conversation, as might be expected, for the most part turned on the grand scene so shortly, in their apprehension, to be displayed in Ireland. By their seeming they were all zealous Republicans, and

spoke with animation of the glorious coming days, when kings should be no longer, and when sect (this is no imagined grievance in Ireland) should not rise against sect, neither should they make war any more.

Yet, amidst all this exaltation and exultation, union with the Catholics—(Papists, one of the party, but instantly checked himself, called them) seemed, themselves perhaps unconscious, a species of—acting, and, to make use of an expressive though homely phrase, to go with many against the grain. Their halting between new lights and old prejudices reminded our youth of Martin Luther's first public disputation with Eckius, in defence of the new doctrines, which he had then but half embraced;—and which is so jocularly alluded to by Lovelace, in one of his letters to his friend Belford, whither we refer the reader for the passage; assuring him that, if he has not yet read the work

in which it is to be found, he has, in the language of one of the heroines in 'High Life below Stairs,' a *vist* pleasure to come.

A whimsical illustration of what we have just been saying, Charlton indeed had shortly an opportunity of witnessing.

A great noise (beyond most others, the lower classes in Ireland are noisy in their exclamations, whether of love, hate, sorrow, or joy,) was heard, and crowds were seen running across the fields and road. It was to a rustic race these good people were thus hastening; and the party at table, though in the act of grasping each other's hands, and singing "Erin go bragh" in full chorus, started immediately to their feet; but, instead of standing in solemn silence, which was next in order, listening to their host's flowery toast, they with one consent adjourned to the garden to witness it also.

This unweeded spot, for such it assuredly was, ran along a precipitous bank which overhung the road; so that Charlton could see and hear the noisy and tumultu-

ous groups, without the danger or contamination of contact.

"*Odi profanum vulgus*," said he to himself, for he dared not utter so aristocratic a sentiment to his friend the clergyman; "and right glad I am there is a steep bank between me and that yelping crew."

The road underneath was steep, rough, and uneven; and covered with stones in a way which made riding fast down it a matter of little less danger than that of marching to the cannon's mouth. Yet such is man's thoughtlessness, that the little ill-clad riders galloped as furiously down the steep hill, or bray, as it was called, with as much buoyancy of spirit, and as little apparent discomposure, as if their road lay along the greensward of the trimmest kept lawn.

On their second return one of the horses (it was a mare, let me in a parenthesis remark) seemed to take decidedly the lead. It so happened that this mare was the

property of a Presbyterian, while, as if Fortune was jealous even of the kind of concord which had hitherto prevailed, and was working mischief against the Union itself, the horse belonged, not only to a Catholic, but to a Catholic priest. This was sufficient to set such discordant materials in agitation; and it soon became evident that Party had mounted its palfrey, and had taken its full share in the race.

In further aggravation the Presbyterian jockey had, for the back of his waistcoat, a piece of arnotto—dyed nankeen, or linen, probably given him by his frugal master when he had apostatized, and dared no longer wear it himself; and as the coat was of course thrown off, this grotesque and ludicrous Orange flag was exposed to full view.

The Presbyterians loudly shouted, and looked with delighted eyes on the tawny-coloured rider, as he passed and repassed before them. The Catholics, as is common with losers, entered more deeply into the

cunning of the scene, and loud above the shouts of triumph was heard the cry of—"The priest for ever! down with the Orange;" and, by way of commentary on this somewhat ambiguous text, "To H—— with the black-hearted Presbyterians," was likewise, though less generally, vociferated.

But when Orange came the last round, at little better than a canter, and the poor priest was seen ineffectually whipping and spurring at a far distance behind, rage became ungovernable, sticks were flourished, stones were thrown, and every thing denoted a speedy breach between the Presbyterians and their new allies.

The worthy Mr. Dimond had now as fair an opportunity of trying the force of his eloquence, as the sage Cornelius had of ascertaining the effect of his lyre and fragments of Lesbian music on the two scolding apple-women, and hastened to prevent this Social war.

"Friends! Citizens! Catholics! Protestants! Countrymen! Irishmen!" ex-

claimed the good man from his elevated rostrum,

"O! miseri, quæ tanta insania, cives!"

"I mean, what madness is this, my beloved friends! Have you forgotten the engagements which you have taken, and the vows which you have made? Is this the right-hand of fellowship which you proffered, and the brotherhood of affection which you have sworn? O! tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askalon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice; lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph!"

Happily the Protestants were the smallest party, and disposed to bear their faculties more meekly than ordinary; and whether it was from this, or the good genius of the Union, or the eloquence of the reverend orator, or all these causes combined, the crowd gradually dispersed with little further mischief than that of breaking a few heads.

The elated host now led his guests back to the table they had so unceremoniously quitted; and, having filled their glasses, and placed them and himself in the proper position, he gave them his classical toast.

Shortly afterwards he sang them the following song, of his own composition for aught we know to the contrary:—

Ye lovers of union of every degree,
No matter what trade or religion ye be,
The right-hand of friendship to you I'll extend,
And hope for your pardon if I should offend.

For the rights of man let us still united be,
And unite in the cause that will make us all free;
Till oppression and tyranny 's banished the land,
We'll fight for our country with heart and with hand.

I'm slave to no sect, and from bigotry free,
And follow what conscience still dictates to me;
All men are my brethren who're ready to lend
Their aid to their country, and hand to a friend.

'Divide them and conquer!' 's the maxim of knaves,
Who have practised it long on a nation of slaves;
But the bright star of reason will soon let them see
That Hibernians were made to unite and be free.

"Do you not think," whispered Charlton, who was seated next to his reverend friend, "that the bright star you sing about was rather obscured a while ago? and that, to a mere by-stander, Hibernians might seem made for other purposes than to 'unite and be free.'"

"Hout, tout," replied the good man, "a mere ebullition of popular feeling, no otherwise to be considered than as it denotes a renovation of regard. The falling out of lovers, you know, is but the renewal of love."

"*Naturam expelles furcâ, tamen usque recurret,*" said our youth to himself. "In plain English, shut nature out at the door, and she will be in at the window; and metamorphose the cat as you may, my honoured master, at the sight of a mouse, I fear she will be a cat again."

The evening concluded with an exhibition scarcely less singular than the one which we, a few moments ago, described. When Mr. Dimond found his guests would

drink no longer, he as usual provided them with a literary feast; but instead of producing, as on a former occasion, one of his own compositions, he brought down the Bible, which seemed to open, as it were, of itself at a particular part. Whether it was to convert his young friend, whom, on certain topics, he regarded as little better than one of the wicked; or to confirm the faith of any of the company who might be wavering, the chapter he selected was in the first book of Samuel, and he read the following verses with great emphasis, commenting as he proceeded: "And Samuel told all the words of the Lord unto the people that asked of him a king. And he said, This will be the manner of the king that shall reign over you: he will take your sons, and appoint them for himself, for his chariots, and to be his horsemen; and some shall run before his chariots. And he will appoint him captains over thousands, and captains over fifties; and will set them to ear his ground, and to reap

his harvest, and to make his instruments of war, and instruments of his chariots. And he will take your daughters to be confectionaries, and to be cooks, and to be bakers. And he will take your fields, and your vineyards, and your oliveyards, even the best of them, and give them to his servants. And he will take the tenth of your seed, and of your vineyards, and give to his officers, and to his servants. And he will take your men-servants, and your maid-servants, and your goodliest young men, and your asses, and put them to his work. He will take the tenth of your sheep: and ye shall be his servants. And ye shall cry out in that day because of your king which ye shall have chosen you; and the Lord will not hear you in that day."

"Monstrous indeed it is," exclaimed the reverend reader, respectfully closing the book which furnished him with so rich an argument, "to place all power in the hands of one man, however good he may be! To bow down before and worship a poor,

frail, short-lived creature like ourselves, and then to say it is the state which we worship in him! It may be necessary at times, as man is carried in his childhood, and supported in his old age; but never can it be otherwise than degrading to him! Cicero and Pompey, Brutus and Cassius, were elevated in the scale of being, and could look around them with proud and satisfied eyes! While the slaves of ........."

But we shall drop the curtain on the remainder of the good man's discourse, or lecture as it was called, and which certainly was as little complimentary to monarchy as his text had been.

# CHAP. V.



Youth, ah! youth, to thee in life's gay morning,
New and wonderful are heaven and earth;
Health the hills, content the fields adorning,
Nature rings with melody and mirth.
Love invisible, beneath, above,
Conquers all things; all things yield to love!



After a few days longer abode in this Circean cave of slovenly hospitality, our young traveller was allowed to proceed on his journey, escorted the length of a few fields by the worthy clergyman, walking by his side, giving advice, and repeating his former injunctions to become a United Irishman, not only for his own good, but for that of the nation.

"We shall soon, I hope, meet again," said he; "and I trust it will not only be as friends, but as brethren. The sight of you has renewed all the ancient regard I had for you and your good family; and I covet distinction for you, which, I think, I never coveted for myself: besides, I shall soon be old; you are young, and youth is the season for enterprise and lofty deeds. See what the youthful hero lately, as I may say, thundering at the gates of Vienna, has done for his country (a little despised island too like our own) and for himself;— go you and do so likewise!" "*Vade, age et ingentem factis fer ad æthera Trojam,*" classically concluded he, as he turned round, and slowly retraced his homeward way.

"*Non tali auxilio,*" ejaculated our youth, as almost sorrowfully he looked after him; "it is not such defenders that the times require; and if Ireland becomes not famous, except by my sword and your pen, my noble and approved good master, she will

long, I fear, continue the *ultima Thule* of nations."

After a few miles travelling, he emerged from the mountains, and came into the low and more cultivated grounds; where, though alone, he wanted not for amusement. At this glad season, the labourers were more numerous in the fields than busy; for, with the usual courtesy of communication of Ireland, greater, most likely, at that time than ever, they never failed at his approach to suspend their labours, and to address a few passing words to him.

But *le curé ne chanta pas mieux que son vicaire;* and ploughman, parson, and printer were all in the same tune.—"I say, surr!" or 'young surr,' or 'master,' or 'freend,' or 'nighbour,' according to the phrase and courtesy of the speaker, and generally accompanied with a wink and knowing bend of the head to one side; "I say, surr! What side is your heart on? The right side I am sure."

"No," on one of these occasions, replied

Charlton, "my heart is a left-handed one. The French to be sure have changed all that, but mine prefers its old place, and beats as my father's did before me."

"Nabaclosh! that's no answer, man alive. In plain talk, are ye *up*, or are ye not?"

"O! *up* to be sure. When the very birds of the air are *up*, as a friend lately told me, it would be a shame for a young fellow like me not to be *up* too."

"And that's not the foolishest word you said to-day, young Domine Felix. Bonney-part, they say, is coming the first fair wind wi twenty thousand men at his back, and it will then be deiel tak the hinmost, a trow."

This sentiment was too good a one not to be repeated, and the whole field opened out with *viva la* (it was so pronounced), the French are coming; *viva la*, they'll soon be here, which was the burden of a song in great repute in those days.

On other occasions, however, our youth was less fortunate; for instead of song or

salute, the appropriate signal was made, which was the mysterious asking, Are you really a United Irishman? as, Are you *up*, was the avowed, or rather jocular one. To this he could make no reply, and like a discomfited pretender to free-masonry, he was obliged to jog on in silence, listening to the hisses and howlings, such as those with which Gil Blas, and his friend the barber, pursued the player, Melchior Zapata.

To diversify his amusement, he would in reply to the everlasting question, at times answer, No. This never failed to call forth fresh howlings; and by way of accompaniment, a verse or two from a song in ridicule of the clergy of the established church, would be occasionally sung.

A rector I am, pray mind what I say,
In the church every Sunday I preach and I pray,
With my black coat,
And cravat so white.

Ye men of my parish, I pray you take heed,
Till I give you a sketch of my time-serving creed;

My creed it is cash, and my stipend's salvation,
For which I'd destroy all the swine in the nation,
With my black coat, &c.

I believe that the only two comforts of life
Are counting my stipend, and kissing my wife;
I believe that the people were born to be slaves,
To be pilfer'd and plunder'd by us artful knaves,
With our black coats, &c.

As it was forbid by an ancient divine,
To throw precious pearls to ignorant swine;
Complying with this, my ambition should be
To keep them still bond-slaves, ourselves being free,
With our black coats, &c.

And now, my dear friends, for the sake of connection,
I'll end my discourse with a word of reflection;
I'm resolved my opinions shall be the same still
With the court, while in power, let them be what they will,
With my black coat,
And cravat so white.

"Aye, laugh away, young Domine," was shouted after him from an adjacent field, catching the contagion from the preceding musical one; "next time, maybe, it will be on the wrang side o' the mouth; we'll

soon be done, be blissed for it, wi' people such as ye."

Our hero's black coat and cropped head were clerical, certainly; but this latter denunciation was perhaps a compliment to his equipment and appearance, and might as well be an allusion to his being a gentleman, as his being a clergyman. There was a great dislike to the established clergy at that time, undoubtedly; but a general feeling of dislike to the higher classes is at all times a strong one with the working people here, and perhaps everywhere. The perception, or it may be the imagination of the hardships of their condition, as well as those ideas of natural equality, which nothing can eradicate in the mind of man, make them regard the superiority of the former, as transcendent as it is unjust.

When Adam delved, and Eve span,
Where was then the gentleman?

was a question asked by the English commonalty of a remote period; and in

substance at least, as often repeated by the Irish, at the period we are writing of.

This alternate scene of singing and shouting, of hallooing and hissing; this moving picture of the little, merry, rather than mischievous groups, our youth, as field after field in succession flew past him, enjoyed with the happy buoyancy of his time of life.

He had no apprehension of danger, nor indeed had he reason to entertain any. There was spread abroad a hilarity of heart and confidence of success almost universal, and revolution was regarded as an affair of sentiment, and by many as a matter of merriment, rather than of trouble and of danger. Accustomed as, since the days of volunteering, the people of the north of Ireland were to have their wishes complied with, they never dreamed of the possibility of failure, nor if they had, would they in all probability have much heeded it; for they had never hitherto had experience of a government in wrath, and most likely

imagined that at the worst they would only have to lay down their pikes, and that too as easily as they would lay down their pitch-forks.

Ireland, indeed, presented at that period an animating and interesting spectacle. It displayed, no doubt, great hatred in the two grand classes into which it was divided; but there was a correspondent flow, and warmth of heart, among the individuals of each class towards one another. There was (in an especial manner among the Presbyterians) a community of affection and elevation of mind, which raised them above groveling objects, or low and wretched pursuits, or even above the common business of life. Drunkenness, though in ordinary times the besetting sin of Ireland, was in a great measure unknown. Indeed, so ominous was this sobriety regarded by those who knew the country the best, that they were never thoroughly alarmed until they remarked the entire change in the manner and conduct of the people, and

saw them go home from fair and market as sober as they had come; they then said that the cloud which hung over them would soon come down in a storm.

But enthusiasm is ever fleeting; and scarcely was the rebellion ended, until the people became as drunken as ever. Many likewise became drunkards who had always been sober before; many became Methodists, and many became mad. The high-wrought fever which agitated the mind in the exaltation of revolution, could not all at once subside into the settled business, the sober current of life.

In the course of the evening the young man arrived at the hospitable, as he was taught to expect it, habitation, where, unknowing and unknown, he was so peremptorily desired to go. As he approached the door with his letter ready in his hand, he felt apprehension of his reception. Needless apprehension! his welcome was as cordial as he could himself have desired. However true the following stanza of

Shenstone may be in general, it had little application to the condition of Ireland in those days:

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
  Whate'er his stages may have been;
May sigh to think he still has found
  The warmest welcome at an inn.

## CHAP. VI.

The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song:
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruised,
But, as the world, harmoniously confused;
Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
There, interspersed in lawns and opening glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
Here in full light the russet plains extend,
There, wrapt in clouds the bluish hills ascend.
Even the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn
Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.

THE house where our young man was so kindly welcomed, was a neat little cottage thatched with straw, and shadowed by

trees; a silver brook ran past it; and though scarcely a mile from the town, it might seem an hundred, so complete was its seclusion; and to one who, like him, shrunk from political warfare, it appeared a little Eden, where care could not enter, or, at all events, reside.

But care is the only possession which we are ever sure of; and though it comes not to us, we always, by some means or other, contrive to meet. Seclusion was ill suited to one who had to live by his exertions; and after a week's abode in this delightful habitation he reluctantly changed it for lodgings in the town.

A country town is every where a dreary residence, and the present one was as dreary as any. The inhabitants were mostly people in business, and of a description that our youth could have little disposition to associate with. He had letters of introduction to persons in the neighbourhood; but some of those were of an obnoxious character, and he was in no hurry to wait on them;

and by the others his letters were opened and overlooked. His principal acquaintance, therefore, was the venerable Mr. Mosley, and he generally spent his evenings with him. Happily he had another resource. The country around was beautiful, and it was now the glad season of spring. There were several gentlemen's demesnes in the neighbourhood, and in a particular manner one which belonged to a noble lord, and which took in its ample circumference valley and mountain, rock, river, and lake.

Here he mostly passed his mornings, wandering over these romantic and extensive grounds, addressing in verses of no extraordinary excellence, the Dryads and Hamadryads of the grove; and pausing before each hedge and thicket, bush and bosquet, as if the nymph of his orisons were to start from one of them. Though indifferent, as we have seen him, to political speculation, still the raised exaltation of his mind, brooding over ideal perfection, and dwelling in

a little crystalline world of its own, was more akin than at first would appear to political innovation, which breaking down the barrier between ordinary and established life, gives room to the wildest freaks of the imagination. The goddess of his brain's creation, was of course elegant and refined, as well as virtuous and fair; and in the world such a one, if found at all, was only to be found in the higher classes; and how should he approach her, except by a change that would humble the proud, and raise those who were of low degree!

Little therefore as he relished the progress of revolution, its consummation, were that possible, was probably not regarded by him as an intolerable evil. He was a Presbyterian likewise, and, notwithstanding the moderation of his disposition, and apparent rather than real levity of his manner, it may be fairly presumed that at least some of his prejudices were on the side of the sect to which he belonged.

In time, however, he got some employ-

ment, and this interrupted the progress of these, as they might have proved, dangerous reveries. An acquaintance which he formed interrupted it still more effectually.

Generally speaking, the gentry of the neighbourhood were a humane and liberal body of men, until goaded by circumstances, and harassed by events, they, as matters advanced in their progress, changed that character; and in ordinary times practised an enlarged though possibly not a very enlightened hospitality. But Charlton, by some means or other, was too much an object of distrust to them to be admitted into their houses, and must per force have herded with his own suspected caste, but for the acquaintance I have alluded to.

He was one day walking in those beautiful grounds, where, as we have remarked, he mostly passed his mornings, when, in the most remote part of them, he either overtook, or was overtaken, by a plain-looking elderly man, in worsted stockings and a coarse great coat; and conversation,

as a matter of course, immediately followed. It commenced, as is usual, with the weather; and in an extensive demesne, and on a fine day, it was a more appropriate subject than in ordinary cases. By an easy transition they proceeded to talk of the cheering scene around them.

"Happy possessor of these extensive grounds!" said Charlton, as conversation proceeded, and he and his new acquaintance became more intimate; "I could almost say I envy him. How sweet it is to look on green lawns and shadowy branches, instead of dirty streets and dismal houses: if there is one thing upon earth which I abhor more than another, it is the abode of a country town, and yet I fear it will be my lot to live for ever in one."

"*O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint Agricolas!*" said he of the grey garment, "is an often repeated saying; as if trouble was not an inhabitant of the

country, as well as of the town; and the happy possessor, as you term him, of these grounds, has his own sources of uneasiness, different perhaps, though not less, and probably greater, than yours."

Charlton stared at the quotation, as before he had done at the accent of his companion, so different from that of the neighbourhood, or that which his appearance denoted. "Some English servant of my lord's," thought he; "for spite of the Latin which smacks of Scotland, neither Scotch lord nor Scotch lady ever spoke with such a tongue as that; nor for that matter Irishman nor woman neither," continued he, as with something like envy he contrasted his own unharmonious and somewhat guttural accent, with that of his plebeian, as he regarded him, companion.

"You wonder," said the latter, "to hear me speak Latin!"

"I rather wonder to hear you speak English. I would that, as far I mean as speaking

the language, I could become an English-man, as Festus became a Roman, by purchase; but you, I presume, were free-born?"

"I was born," replied the other, "within a few miles of where we are walking, even within the horizon of that gold and azure sky which you so much admire. I have wandered in pursuit of fortune, (happiness is fortune, the only fortune worth wandering after,) which mocked my pursuit, and still fled before me, even as that horizon would do. I am now returned home with impaired health, and in advanced life, to look once again on the spot which gave me birth, and on the scenes which times, such as these, are likely to give birth to."

"It was not worth your while to come far to look on such scenes; but possibly you are not come to look only, but to take a share in them."

"It may possibly be so. Though I have long lived afar from my country-people, I am not the less interested about them; and times such as these will give

employment to us all. The king will lack subjects, and the rebels will want soldiers; and though it be a shame to be on any side but one, I hold it, with Falstaff, a worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it?"

"Aye," thought our youth, "here is the victim with his head stuffed with scraps of plays, and Latin sentences; and his pocket, I warrant, as empty as his head is full. Now were the devil and his money-bag (forgive us the irreverence of the comparison) at hand, in the shape of my reverend counsellor and former teacher, how would he bait the hook, and snap up this poor desolate creature, who would sell himself, I suppose, body and soul, for present pay and future sustenance. I must strive to save him from the snares which I warrant will be laid for him."

"My good friend," said he, "I have got much, I cannot altogether say good advice lately, and therefore, with your leave, I

shall give a little, and I trust better, to you. I am a young counsellor, it is true; but for your sake I hope my voice, as Wisdom's is said to do in the streets, shall not call forth in the woods, and be disregarded. The times, as you say, are likely enough to give birth to strange scenes; and, no doubt, you will be tempted enough likewise to take share in them. I have been sore tempted myself, by almost every acquaintance, at almost every house; and even have been staid by the wayside, by those out-of-door evangelists, who, out of their great goodness, would have guided me to the *Wicket-gate*. Hitherto I have resisted, and trust I shall continue to do so; still the current runs with such fury, that I know not when I may be sucked in. But I am young, unexperienced, and know no more about setting a squadron in the field than a spinster; and therefore, in case of the worst, might pass off unnoticed among the common herd, the *fortem Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.* But with

you it is different; possibly in those wanderings you talk about, you may have followed the trade of war, and slain men; at all events you are a stranger, and, as from your tongue you will be regarded, an Englishman. Our people, you know, are modest, and accustomed to look up to strangers, and particularly to Englishmen; you will probably therefore, even though you may have no fair wife, be placed, Uriah like, in the front of the battle by your friends; and if you be conquered, and what other termination can there be to this wild business, you will, as a stranger and intermeddler, be hanged on the highest gallows; which, like him of whom this was spoken, you may not unaptly be said to have erected for yourself."

"Your advice is good," said the other, "and I thank you for it; but begging of you that you do not, as ungracious pastors do, act differently from what you say, but take the advice which you give. I can tell you that there are those in this county,

and magistrates too, who do not give you credit for such sentiments as you have now expressed."

"You have heard of me, then," said the young man, regarding him with more attention than he had hitherto done; "and poor and a stranger as you represent yourself to be, you have acquaintances here, and with magistrates too. Pray may I ask you what you have heard?"

"I did not say I was poor," replied the stranger, "though riches are only comparative, and I am poor to what I might have been. I perhaps said I was humble, and humble I am, or ought to be!"

"Well, but poor or humble," repeated the young man, with impatience, "what have you heard of me?"

"What I do not believe—that you are here on a mission from the Provisional Government, or the Directory, or by what other fantastic name they may choose to call themselves, to arrange an insurrection in these parts; and that your signal is to

be the setting fire to the castle, whose turrets we descry among the trees yonder; and that, by way of underplot, you are to shoot the owner as he endeavours to escape from the conflagration."

"Indeed!—Your kindly informants really do me too much honour; but I bless God I do not live in their reports; nor shall I, to fulfil their prediction, become Guy Fawkes the second; nor shoot a man whom I have never seen, even though he be a lord."

"He has seen you, I promise you, and has formed a better opinion of you than his neighbours have done, as shortly you shall have an opportunity of knowing."

"Indeed!" repeated our youth, with increased astonishment; "and where has his lordship, himself unseen, seen me? and how came you so well acquainted with his movements?"

"O! I am as well acquainted with them as with my own; and as to the where, he has seen you in these very grounds, and

will soon see you here again. But tell me, are you really not an United Irishman?"

"I really am not; nor, I trust, ever shall be: neither do I know why your informants should have taken me for one."

"O! for various admirable reasons—you are a Presbyterian, you wear your hair short, you drink water oftener than wine, and were lately detected in the fact—of walking with some ladies, who are said to be United Irishwomen."

"And the democrats," said Charlton, "no doubt for equally admirable reasons, set me down for an aristocrat. Each party, it seems, insists I belong to the other; like Mahomet's tomb, I hang midway between heaven and earth, and am likely to get support from neither. But," continued he with a graver tone, "the advice which I gave you, I gave honestly, believing you to be a stranger, and poor, as, excuse me, I judged you by your appearance to be. I now find I was mistaken; our meeting, it should seem, was not

accidental, and your object, or that of your employers, was to discover my sentiments on public affairs. Little artifice for that purpose was necessary, for they are such as, without apprehension, I might utter before my Lord Eglamour himself. And now I will bid you good day, trusting that in your report you will speak of me as I am."

"Nay," said the other, "we must not part in anger; and besides it is the custom of the place, you know, that fellow-travellers should not part with dry lips. You must drink before you go."

"With all my heart," replied the young man; "and this silver brook which bathes the roots of those oaks of past ages, is the veritable butt to draw our Adam's ale from. Now, mark how I stoop down and have no fear that the water shall, as I have read in some fairy tale or other, recede from my lips, for there is no deceit on my tongue."

"I shall not stoop down," said the companion smiling, "for my joints are not

altogether so supple as yours are, and it may be you think I should not stand the experiment as well. We shall therefore, if you please, step into the house, where we may sit with our legs on a soft carpet, and drink real ale, if you prefer it, though I admit not of so old a tap."

The house of which he was speaking was the castle, in front of which they now were; and Charlton, though rather with a reluctant step, followed him up the massy flight of steps. The door was thrown hospitably open, and they stood in the spacious hall. The guide, however, led not our youth, as he had expected, into cellar, cave, or buttery, but stepped into an elegant parlour, which opened on the hall.

"Have the goodness," said he, with more ceremony than he had hitherto made use of, "to be seated, while I go and order some refreshment, of which, after so long a walk, we both, I think, stand in need."

"He is the major-domo," thought our youth; "and as my lord is abroad, he

wishes, I presume, to act my lord in his room. I pray to heaven to take me safe out of the house before the real one comes, and finds me, as the good Dr. Primrose was found by 'Squire Arnold, in his best parlour, talking politics and drinking his port wine."

The companion now returned, accompanied by a servant bearing a tray, on which were wine and refreshments of various kinds. He had cast aside his coarse coat and upper stockings; and though neither embroidered vest nor glittering star, as happens when a hero in romance discovers himself, were visible, there was something in his air and manner which instantly told our youth with whom he had been walking; and before a single word was spoken in explanation, he was assured that his late companion was no counterfeit lord, but the real and undoubted one!

With that true politeness which neither does too little nor too much, and which, it is to be feared, is almost peculiar to native

gentility, or born greatness, as it is well called, he addressed and welcomed his youthful acquaintance, who, in no long space, and to his own infinite wonder, (his courage doubtless heightened by a glass of generous wine,) found himself quite at his ease with him.

He was kept to dinner; and as he journeyed homewards, he could not help wondering at the lucky chance which made him a visitant amidst those thick groves and lofty branches, where before he was only a wanderer. "But tell it not in Gath," said he, in language with which his education, as well as a late harangue of his reverend teacher's, had made him familiar; "publish it not in the streets of Askalon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph! I wonder," (continued he to soliloquize) "what my worthy friends Dimond and Cowper would say or think of this; had it been their lot to have been called on to feast with, and make

sport for, this Philistine lord, they would have tugged hard at the part of Samson, and, as happily they could not have pulled the castle down, they would, I am sure, as far as words would have done, have made the old walls ring about his ears!"

## CHAP. VII.



Time, swift Time, from years their motion stealing,
Unperceived hath sober manhood brought;
Truth her pure and humble forms revealing,
Tinges fancy's fairy dreams with thought;
Till the heart, no longer prone to roam,
Loves, loves best, the quiet bliss of home.



It is difficult to get into the houses of the great, but when once we are there we may go sleep, was the remark of the facetious Mrs. Deborah Primrose. Whatever might be the wit, or the novelty of the observation, our youth had experience of its justice; for no sooner had the great house opened, than all the minor houses (of the neighbouring gentry, I mean,) opened in like manner to him. To this,

however, he was indifferent; for the castle (Eglamour Castle, as it was called,) was, in a great measure, the Mount Calpe of his ambition; and the more frequently he went there, the more attractive it became.

His friend Cowper indeed had not much mistaken his character: circumstances might make him a democrat, but, in his heart, he was an aristocrat; and it is hard to say whether he was more pleased, or proud, to be permitted to sit down thus freely at the great man's table.

Independent of rank, Lord Eglamour, as his name indeed would imply, was a man of great elegance of manners, and had seen much of the world, and of life. With a person of this description our youth had never before associated; and his conversation, as well as his manners, was a source of infinite gratification, and indeed of wonder to him. Pleasure is reciprocal; and Lord Eglamour, pleased with the pleasure which he gave, was pleased with our youth in return.

His lordship was a widower, but he was not, on that account, the more alone; for there was a fair lady who presided at his board. She was represented to the world as being a distant relation of his lordship's, though the exact degree of consanguinity nobody pretended to tell. The general opinion, however, was, that it was pretty much the same as that of all the other daughters of Eve; and even this was an admission, which the ancient servants and followers of the family were by no means prompt in making; for there was a great O prefixed to the lady's name, and never, they contended, had the noble house of Eglamour been allied, either by blood or marriage, with a barbarous O or Mac!

The truth is, and to avoid needless circumlocution, the good lady was one of those whom, according to Fielding, every body knows to be what nobody calls them.

Lord Eglamour had married early in life; but her ladyship was long dead, as well as several children whom she had

borne him. He was not childless, however, for he had one daughter, whom report stated to be passing fair; and whom, like Jephtha, judge of Israel, he loved passing well. Perhaps he loved her, not more for her own sake, than that of her mother. This unfortunate lady, though she had not resolution enough to resist the noble lord's solicitations, had too much virtue to offend with impunity; and not long after the birth of her daughter, she died, as it was generally thought, of a broken heart. His lordship became, in consequence, a prey to the profoundest melancholy; and, during a period of several years, was a wanderer on the face of the earth.

He was a very short while returned, and had brought the aforesaid Miss O'Regan, whom he had met in some part of the south of France, along with him.

It was not our youth's business to pry into his lordship's arrangements, or to give an opinion of them; but what he did not,

nor would not say, he thought; nor could he help wondering that a man of so much elegance and refinement could take pleasure in the society of so coarse and vulgar a woman.

"I am neither refined, nor elegant, nor a lord," thought he, "but sooner than live with such an Alecto as Miss Juditha O'Regan seems to be, I should ramble abroad to pitch my fortune, even with no better provision than that of the hero of a fire-side story, a collop and a cake."

But like does not always choose its like; and refined and elegant as was his lordship, and coarse and vulgar as was the dame, she had great influence over him; an influence which his increasing ill health seemed likely every day to make more.

With a man in ill health, a doctor, as well as a woman, is pretty sure to be of consequence; and after Miss O'Regan, Charlton seemed to stand the next in his lordship's consideration. He rode or walked out with him almost every morning, and

in the evening they dined together, sometimes with other company, but more generally with Miss O'Regan only.

Our youth, admitted thus to see grandeur in an undress, and as it were behind the scenes, had a good opportunity of likewise seeing how little either rank or wealth could contribute to happiness. The poorest peasant who trod this noble person's grounds was possibly a happier man than he. The sigh which involuntarily escaped from his bosom, the tear which in spite of himself would at times start to his eye, told too plainly how little at ease was the heart within, and how much he still mourned the unfortunate lady whom we have just alluded to, and of whose untimely death he, with too much reason, regarded himself as the cause.

On those occasions he seemed to feel gratification in talking of the youthful daughter of this unfortunate mother; and after dinner, when Miss O'Regan had retired, and he and Charlton were left together

alone, he would often turn the conversation on her.

"She is innocent and young," observed he on one of those occasions; "no pains have been spared in her education; and her disposition, as I am informed, is of the most amiable and gentlest kind. It would have been the delight of my heart to have her here with me; but there is an objection which you must be aware of, and to which therefore I need not particularly allude."

"I am aware of it, my lord," replied the young man; "but that objection, I think, might be easily removed. With great deference, were I in your lordship's situation, I should hesitate little between a daughter, and such a daughter too, and a——cousin. The devil take such cozeners, I say," concluded he; but this had no resemblance to the *aside* of a theatre, for it was really spoken to himself.

"You are a young man," replied his lordship, "and can as yet have no idea of the innumerable folds by which a woman

entwines herself round a man's heart, as he advances in life, and becomes infirm in health. That woman loves me, if ever woman loved a man; she knows all my habits and ways, and to cut the matter short, she is become so necessary to me, that it were as well to bid me amputate a leg or an arm, as to bid me part with her."

The young man hesitated; he knew how dangerous it was, in certain situations, to speak the truth: but he had the highest reverence, as well as regard for his noble patron; and he knew that Miss O'Regan not only did not love him, but that her favours, such at least was popular rumour, were bestowed on another. Indeed, had he chosen it, they might have likewise been bestowed on himself; for the lady had made very gracious advances, which, as long as was possible, he appeared to misunderstand; and when that became possible no longer, he honourably, and as far as the nature of the case would admit, politely rejected them. This, however, was not to

be told, but he resolved to tell truth as far as he could.

"That Miss O'Regan loves your lordship," said he, "since you are pleased to say so, it would be unbecoming in me to dispute; but even though she does, what comparison is there between her love, and that of a beautiful and affectionate daughter?"

"Little I will allow you; but I am not so rich just now in friends, as to throw any of them away, and I should like to retain them both. A way I think may be found; a strange way, indeed, and most likely I shall not adopt it. A few months ago I should have despised myself, even to have thought of it; but time changes men's minds, as well as their bodies. I am no Stoic, nor wise man neither; nor if I were should I hold it disgraceful, as Cato is said to have done, *mutare sententiam*, to change my opinion. I am getting old; I am childless, as far I mean as my title is concerned. My coronet goes to the grave with my-

self: why should I not then, for the short time I have to live, share it with Miss O'Regan, and bring my daughter here to live with us? Miss O'Regan, however indifferently she may have been educated, is well born, and you will allow that she is fair."

"Never," exclaimed the young man in a burst of generous feeling, "never, pardon me the expression, was a strumpet fair in a wise man's eyes. But Miss O'Regan, again pardon me, is not fair; she is vulgar and coarse, and (I must speak my mind out, now that I have gone so far,) it has been my wonder, since I first put foot in this house, that such a man as your lordship should have chosen such a woman, for ——for his friend. But to choose her with all the wild O's and Macs of the last hundred years at her tongue's end, for your wife, your lawful and wedded wife; oh! my lord, if you heed not the living, do not such a wrong to your noble ancestors in the grave!"

Our youth here, accidentally perhaps, touched the true chords of his noble patron's feeling. His lordship started up, took two or three turns about the room, and then sat down again.

"I am sure you speak in friendship," at length said he.

"It becomes not me to say in friendship," replied Charlton; "but with the sincerest respect for your lordship, and the most earnest wishes for your happiness."

"I believe it; you are a good, a very good young man, and have done what few would have had the uprightness to do. But you made use of one expression which pained me; at the least it was a harsh one. Miss O'Regan is not a strumpet; she is my friend, and mine alone."

"I did not make the expression, my lord," said Charlton. "It was made to my hand as you may perceive by turning over a book of proverbs. However, if I have offended your lordship, I am sorry, very sorry!"

"You have not offended me," replied his lordship; "on the contrary, you have obliged me, greatly, let me too add, obliged me. I shall think well on what you have said, and I trust, I feel indeed, shall act in the manner which my own judgment likewise tells me is right. In the mean time, let what has passed between us be as if it had never been! Nay, make no protestations. The tongue at times utters falsehoods; but the look cannot deceive. I rely confidently on you."

As our youth, delighted with what he had done, and the manner in which it had been taken, was leaving the house, he was abruptly encountered by the fair lady, of whom he had so freely given his opinion. A smile was on her face, but it was a constrained and malignant one; and all manner of gloom was in her eye, and on her brow. The young man actually started at the sight of her.

Without speaking, she handed him a guinea, which he, though unknowing how he had merited it (by the mere instinct of

his profession, as we may presume), took without speaking either.

The lady, which was likewise in the natural and ordinary order of proceeding, found her tongue the first.

"Keep it," said she, pushing aside his extended arm; "you surely would not presume to give my lord advice without a fee."

The young man clasped his hands together, convinced that she had overheard all that he had said.

"But do not think," resumed she, struggling with suppressed passion in a manner that was almost frightful to behold; "do not think I shall stop at such a trifle as this; for this last, and all other obligations, you shall in due time have your proper reward."

"Undone," exclaimed our youth as he walked homeward; "utterly and for ever undone! That woman will rest neither night nor day, until she has taken venge-

ance on me. I have, she at least will think so, hindered her from being a viscountess, and—I have rejected her love!"

## CHAP. VIII.



He seems, and is, if truth may trust appearance,
A youth of that soft stamp which fortune leaves
To Nature's gentlest care; some nymph's Adonis
Whose eye might sooner be supposed to kill
The unpityed maid, than his gay sword the man.



THE consternation into which our youth was thrown by this untoward circumstance, did not speedily subside; for little as he knew of life, he knew that a woman, and such a woman too, would not readily pardon the double wrong, as she would deem it, he had done her. He passed the whole of the following day therefore at home, and did not go to the castle at all, as of late, at one part or other of the day, he had been accustomed to do.

Early the next morning, he had a summons from Lord Eglamour; and with a reluctant step, and anxious heart, he waited on him. Never, however, had he met with a more gracious reception.

"I was wondering," said his lordship, "what had become of you, and I rather think I divine the cause: the world, it is thought, makes us suspicious; but books, I verily believe, make us still more so. I am sure, at least, when I went first to London, a raw stripling; but fortified by the reading of Fielding's and Smollet's novels, and the admonitions of my mother, grandmother, and maiden aunt, it would have been harder to deceive me, than it would at this moment. Your knowledge I suspect is derived from the same sources that mine then was; and you have no doubt heard, or read, that the great, in which class I presume you do me the honour to reckon me, are to be gained only by flattery, and should never, under any circumstances, be contradicted, or told the truth.

But you may take my word for it, this is by no means the case; rarely was ever favour gained, or at least kept, by servile flattery; and so far from your having offended me by your honest dealing, you stand higher in my good opinion than ever, as perhaps, before long, you shall have an opportunity of judging."

"I thank your lordship; I am, I hope, duly sensible of the value of your lordship's good opinion. I shall take care not to lose it by my own fault; and I trust no enemy shall ever so far prevail, as to deprive me of it. It would be a grievous affliction to me."

"Nor would it be a slight one, be assured, to me; but take care of yourself as you promise, and as I doubt not you will, and fear no enemy. You are thinking of Miss O'Regan, I know; but believe me she is not an enemy of yours. She is no saint, it is possible; but neither is she a devil; and even though she were, she should, you know, have her due; and no later than

yesterday she spoke of you in the kindest terms, and wondered, even more than I did, what had kept you away."

"I trust, my lord, she will continue to speak thus favourably of me;" said Charlton, not well knowing, in truth, what he said, so much was he amazed.

"Doubt it not. I should not answer for her, indeed, were she to hear of our conversation of the night before last. To forgive that, would be hardly in female nature. But be satisfied she shall never hear of it from me; and little as you know of womankind, you will, I presume, hardly tell it to her yourself."

"She knows it already," half said, or half opened his mouth to say, the young man; but he checked himself; and after a pause of irresolution was silent.

At this instant, the fair lady herself made her appearance, and her salutation of our youth was as gracious, seemingly, as his lordship's had been.

"Vengeance," thought the astonished

young man, as he looked on this admirable actress, " is delayed, only to fall with the heavier weight. Oh! how great must be the hatred which thus hides itself in smiles!"

His knowledge, on this subject at least, was indeed derived from books; for the classes he had hitherto been accustomed to associate with, albeit, like their betters, disposed enough to hatred, were little used to hate with civility. But he had read Gil Blas, and remembered his reflections, on one occasion that Don Rodrigue de Calderone had loaded him with civilities: " *Que signifient toutes ces honnêtetés,*" exclaimed he to himself; " *Calderone mediteroit il ma perte!*"

In compliment to his young friend, his lordship had invited the venerable clergyman, our youth's kind host on his first coming to the place, that day to dinner. His lordship's agent, a man of great importance, and his apothecary, a man of great importance also, made up the party.

Whether or no it be true (the remark, if I recollect right, was made by one who, in his latter days at least, was no enemy to either)—whether or not it be true, that kings and lords are lovers of low company, his lordship, it is certain, seemed particularly to enjoy the little rustic assemblage he had gathered round him. After much pleasant relation of his travels abroad, he told the manner of his first meeting with our youth; and the trifling detail gained an interest from the pleasure with which he himself seemed to dwell upon it.

"I had heard your guest," said he, addressing himself particularly to the venerable Mr. Moseley, "spoken of, and oftener than once, by persons that shall be nameless; and who greatly lamented that they had not laid hands on the young delegate, as they regarded him, the very moment of his alighting at your door; when they were persuaded, in place of shirts and stockings, they would have found his *valise* (or saddle-bags,) or whatever else he carried with

him, crammed with papers enough to unloose the Gordian knot of conspiracy—which, after all, cannot, I fear, be unloosed; and which government, therefore, must, one or other of these days, cut asunder with the sword!"

"However, though this arch-rebel escaped, papers and all, on that occasion, he was closely watched, which, after all, was no difficult matter to do, for his steps were generally directed this road. My worthy informants, who had little idea that a man could walk out, day after day, to admire rural scenery, and who possibly thought that the best part of the park were the deer which ran through it—and they, too, when they were on the table, and could run no longer; my careful friends, as I was saying, apprized me of this reconnoitring of my position, as they deemed it, and kindly explained to me how easy it would be for such a desperado to burn the house over my head, and what admirable torches

those pine-trees yonder would be to light my funeral pile with.

"Though they failed in exciting my fears, they excited my curiosity; and I walked about the grounds more frequently than I was wont, in the hopes of meeting with this Irish Erostratus. Chance, at length, was favourable, and brought us together. I had made, I thought, all due allowance for the exaggeration of this unhappy period; but still I expected to find a demagogue, an all-sufficient youth just escaped from college, with Brutus and Cassius as his great examplars, and Cicero and Virgil at the tip of his tongue; and, as the oracle was long of opening, I threw in a Latin quotation to set it a-going. His reply instantly convinced me I had done him wrong, for he was taken only with the manner of what I had said; a democrat, a modern one, at least, never heeds manner—matter is all in all with him. I played out my part, however; and, with more of casuistry

than I thought I was master of, gave him to understand that I was likely enough to take a share in the forthcoming scene; and, though not in the way he understood me, I am too likely to do so, for I am a governor of the county, you know—and the days of misrule seem near at hand!"

"I trust," replied the good clergyman, "they are not so near as your lordship, I own with too much apparent reason, supposes. At all events I am sure this young man will have no share in them."

"I am sure of it also," said his lordship. "I will impone as much, or more, on his honesty, than the king would have done on Hamlet's skill in fencing. He has, for so young a man, very pretty ideas of government; I at least am bound to say so; for he looks up with reverence to kings and lords; and were he to declare his real sentiments, he would, I believe, live quietly under a Turkish government, rather than run the risk of improving it by a revolution."

This was a proposition which the venerable Mr. Moseley, advanced as he was in life, could by no means accede to; for, some years before he had been an active volunteer; and, as the Presbyterian clergy of that period almost universally were, he was a zealous friend of freedom, and the rights of man. He therefore freely expressed his disapprobation of the sentiment attributed to his young friend.

The agent and apothecary seemed, of course, of that which appeared to be their noble patron's opinion, and most likely they were actually so; for, in rude and remote situations, and where commerce has made little progress, many prostrate themselves, body and soul, before nobility, and cling to it as the ivy does to the oak.

"I may be thought an interested person," resumed his lordship; "but whether or no the opinion I have attributed to Mr. Charlton be really his, it is but fair to say it is, and not without much reflection neither, my own. Never since the world

began was the generation which brought about a revolution the better or the happier for it. How is it possible that they should? It is a revulsion of all generous feeling; a dislocation, as it were, of the present and the past; a sacrilegious outrage of our forefathers in their graves!"

"Had that been your noble ancestor's opinion," said Mr. Moseley, persisting in his argument, "and that of those illustrious persons who acted with him, we should in all probability be Papists at this very hour, and the slaves of arbitrary power."

"I have great doubts about that," answered his lordship; "and whether time would not have done, and infinitely more mildly have done, that which violence effected at once. But, my excellent friend, you have now made use of the *argumentum ad hominem*, which is always a difficult one to parry, and I therefore drop my point, and yield."

They conversed awhile on general sub-

jects, until some remark, made by his friend the clergyman, brought the conversation back to our youth again.

"Do you know," said his lordship, "that my cousin O'Regan tells me that the young ladies of these parts are actually pulling caps about him. I wish he would marry; for surgeon or apothecary never takes thriving root, you know, until he is married, and has at least a couple of children."

"I am sure, were I to marry now," said Charlton, "I might leave the choice of my wife, if you would take the trouble, to your lordship; for, at this instant, I have no choice of my own."

"Oh! what insensibility to our young ladies' charms. They dream of love, and, like the shepherd in Virgil, they find it an inhabitant of the rocks. But since you are so indifferent to the object, and ought positively to marry, had you not better let your venerable friend here make a choice for you? I am now almost as great a

stranger in these parts as you are; he, happy man! has never changed, nor, I dare say, wished to change his place."

"I made a good choice for myself," said Mr. Moseley, who, like his lordship, was a widower: "but, in all probability, should not succeed so well for a friend. When Mr. Charlton chooses for himself, and some years hence, with all due deference to your lordship, I think will be soon enough; for he who weds ere he be wise shall, as the proverb has it, die ere he thrives; I trust he will choose virtue and unblemished descent above all things; wealth may be dispensed with, but these I regard as indispensible."

His lordship was too polite to show that he was offended, even had he really been so; but the good clergyman was guilty here of a solecism in good manners, and forgot, or possibly, as his morality was an unbending nature, did not choose remember, that his lordship had bee ther an unhappy husband; and th

daughter, unblemished as she was in her own person, was not of unblemished descent.

It should seem as if his lordship was thinking of this himself; for after the others had gone away, and he and Charlton were left together, he spoke of her in the following manner:—

"I know not how to manage with that poor girl of mine," said he, gravely, "and must contrive, some way or other, to have her near me. The best way, I think, since I have altogether abandoned the other way, is to get her a good husband. Is there any one of your acquaintances you could recommend to me?"

"My acquaintances, my lord, are few," replied Charlton; "and few as they are, they are, I fear, more numerous than good; for they are mostly democrats, or at least they are called so. Your lordship, I presume, would hardly choose a husband for your Eglamour from among them?"

"Hardly! I like not those who, in the

words of a great write woman only
made for obedience, for rebellion.
Not that I mean," d he, smiling,
"that he owes ence, or that my
son-in-law sho into my family
bound like a bashaw when he
weds a daugh Grand Signior. I
simply mean, had subject rarely

f Dr. Johnson
Charlton had
nothing to reply to this; and shortly afterwards he took his leave.

## CHAP. IX.

I'll look to like, if looking, liking more:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

OUR youth was by no means of a forward disposition; but what Lord Eglamour had said, when he came to consider it coolly and alone, could scarcely fail to excite in him some expectation. "I wonder," thought he, "if I had done like a certain cardinal, who, when his brethren left the choice of a pope to him, at once chose himself; whether his lordship would, in like manner, have confirmed my election. As times go, in this green island of ours at least, I am no bad or disloyal subject, and might therefore hope to make an indifferently good husband."

He however had no occasion to choose himself; for his noble patron had already chosen him. A few evenings afterwards he thus addressed him:

"To-morrow I go to Carna, to a county meeting, and we shall not meet again for several days. We might never, perhaps, meet again, for these are not ordinary times. You cannot but perceive I have a more than common regard for you, and I should be happy to promote your interest in any rational way. I have little fault to find with you, except that at times you still keep company with some foolish young men, who, one day or other, will most likely bring down ruin on themselves, and on every one who connects himself with them. But they are lifeless, it is said, who are faultless; and a good wife, it is probable, would save you from this your solitary fault. What think you, yourself?"

"It is a subject on which I have never, at least never seriously, thought," replied

the young man. "I have no other provision than my profession, which, in a Presbyterian land, is no goodly inheritance. Your lordship's tenantry hold God as their only doctor; and regard it, to speak in their own language, as a tempting of his providence to employ any other."

"I know it. Calvinism, as little as honour, has skill in, or cares about, surgery. The world to you, in truth, is a tough old oyster; and a frail lancet is an ill implement wherewith to open it. But I may furnish you with a better one. Seriously speaking, if you have never thought of a wife, I have thought of one for you. I was in earnest when I spoke to you of my daughter. I should like to see her married; nor should I have any very violent repugnance to her being married to you. Of her looks you will judge when you see her; but, if a father's feelings do not deceive him, she is a treasure independent of her looks. I shall take care to secure her

such a provision as is becoming my daughter; and if you choose it, you may, since my swine will not swallow it, throw physic to the dogs; or, that it may not be altogether lost, you may throw it to me. I need it, and am neither Presbyterian nor Predestinarian."

The young man, overwhelmed with his emotions, returned, in such language as he could at the time command, his most grateful acknowledgments for the honour and favour intended him. "But the young lady," towards the conclusion of his speech, stammered out he, "has never, with all due deference to your lordship, seen me, and too probably may not like me."

"And you have never seen her," replied Lord Eglamour, "and may probably not like her, is in your thoughts, though it was not on your tongue. It is possible; and God forbid I should desire two young persons to go together, who did not like each other. That, however, we shall trust to

chance, or to fate, which, it is said, has so much to do with marriage."

The young man earnestly assured his lordship, that the sentiment which he attributed to him was no more in his thoughts, or his heart, than it had been on his tongue. And truly he assured him, for at the moment he was, or thought himself, desperately in love; therein transcending a hero of romance, who only loves at first sight, while he thus loved without sight at all. His love indeed we may presume was not altogether of an abstracted kind; and as Desdemona saw Othello's visage in his mind, he, it is probable, saw wealth, favour, and consideration, in an alliance with Miss Eglantine Eglamour, for that was the young lady's beautiful name.

"But there is one question," said his lordship, "to which I desire a sincere and honest answer, for it is of consequence. This poor girl's mother.... I need say

no more, for you know her history. You are young, and might hereafter. . . . ."

"Oh! never, never! Pardon me the rudeness of interrupting your lordship; never could I be so heartless and mean. Heaven, if it will, may visit on the children the transgressions of the parents, but I have neither privilege nor disposition to do so. Your lordship's daughter is as far beyond my expectations, as she is beyond my deserts, and I shall count the hours until I have the happiness of seeing her."

"And that I trust shall shortly be, for I shall this very night write for her. You shall not be hurried in your courtship, but shall have full time allowed you to ascertain whether or no you be really in love."

Our youth, as he rose to go, would again have expressed his gratitude, but his lordship hindered him.

"You owe me no thanks," said he; "for I consider my daughter's happiness and my own, as well as yours, in what I do. Yet, and I am sure I know not why it should

be so, but I am somehow ill at ease. It is but a weakness, yet it is such a kind of misgiving as would perhaps trouble a woman. I am but an unlucky person to attach yourself to, Charlton," continued he, laying his hand kindly on the young man's shoulder, "for never was my heart set on any thing yet that I was not disappointed in it; and I could almost predict that this marriage will never take place, or at least that I shall not live to see it. Remember how I told you at our first meeting, that happiness still fled from me, even as the horizon which we were looking on would do!"

"Oh! it will fly no longer," repeated to himself the elate youth, "as he flew rather than walked homewards. And as to the marriage, it shall take place, and you too shall live to see it, kind and benevolent man; and die, I trust, full of years, and be gathered to your grave by your children's children's children! Heed not your misgiving or gain-giving, as Hamlet

calls it; there is, as he says, a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. We too defy augury; and blessed be God, Mrs. Juditha O'Regan, we likewise defy you!"

## CHAP. X

When flowing cups run swiftly round
  With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
  Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
  When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
  Know no such liberty.

DAYS, weeks, and months, fly; and while we were engaged with ladies, love, and lords—insurrection, hostile alike almost to all these, had made formidable progress. Far and wide (among the middle and lower classes we mean) it had spread itself; and though Mr. Dimond's pompous prediction was not actually fulfilled, and the per-

ecutor of yesterday was as yet neither onvert nor apostle; still, as the orator of ld corrupted by Persian gold made signs hat he was dumb, and could no longer ive an opinion, those who were one day oud in their professions of attachment to overnment, the following one perhaps vere mute and motionless.

Whether from zeal, or (a stronger motive oubtless with many) from fear, it was carcely concealed, it was indeed loudly nd triumphantly proclaimed, that, with a ew individual exceptions, the entire town and neighbourhood of Eglamour were become United Irishmen.

Of these exceptions, Charlton of course was happily still one; assailed though he had been by remonstrances, entreaties, and as often as either by threats. Spite almost of himself, he had made several acquaintances; most of them the young men whom Lord Eglamour had reprehended him for keeping company with; and those zealous missionaries had been instant in season

and out of season, in their efforts to convert him.

They had now a fresh subject of discourse; for by some means or other unaccountable to him, his noble patron's intentions in his favour seemed shortly as well known to them as they were to himself; and he had to encounter remonstrances on remonstrances, on the degradation of such an alliance, and the desperation of leaning for support on a falling pillar, as they confidently pronounced nobility to be.

"It is no degradation," over and over again repeated our youth, "to marry a virtuous and beautiful young woman; were she the daughter.... Aye, laugh away, my merry men all; I know what you laugh at: and I repeat, were she the daughter, the natural daughter of a labourer instead of a lord.... And whether or no nobility be now falling, neither you nor I can possibly know; but "this I know, as Waller the poet, in speaking of the church, is reported to have said to a despotic prince—who, by

the bye, was not a whit more despotic than you would be yourselves, had you the power, my kind republican friends; but this I know, that this falling pillar has a trick of rising again."

Among the introductory letters with which, on his leaving home, he had been liberally furnished, was one to a gentleman who resided several miles from the town. He had forwarded the letter, but as yet had not gone himself, though he had been frequently invited to do so. The present seemed a favourable opportunity; his noble patron was absent, and he could abide there in quietness, as he thought, until his lordship's return, which was expected to be in about a week.

No sooner had he conceived the thought than he mounted his horse, and in a few minutes he was, to his great satisfaction, clear of the town, which he now regarded with a feeling very different from affection.

"It is a very Nineveh," thought he, "which, now that I am out of it, has not, I

do verily believe, even seven righteous persons (politically righteous I mean) to save it from destruction—and I trust the time is not far distant when I shall bid it adieu; not for a few fleeting days only, but for ever. I shall not, I fancy, incur the punishment of Lot's wife, by looking back either on town, or on town's-people!"

The house where he was going was further off than he had imagined, and it was evening before he reached it. It was a lonely one in the midst of mountains, and by the side of a spacious lake. Notwithstanding it was now spring, or summer rather, the mountain air bit nippingly, and our youth, as he alighted, anticipated the comforts of a social meal, and a blazing turf fire.

His host met him even far beyond the door, and kindly welcomed him. He was a linen buyer or bleacher, a middle aged and wealthy man. His house, as Charlton presently found, was the abode of abundance; and here, amidst lakes and

mountains, he might reasonably enough have expected the quietness which he sought. But it was not *above* ground that quietness at that period was to be met with in Ireland. His host, little reason as one should have thought he had to be dissatisfied with the constitution under which he had become respectable and rich, was an ardent republican, as Charlton, almost from the first sentence he uttered, to his sorrow found.

"You could not have come at a better time," said he; "you will stay long enough with me I trust, to dine with a worthy fellow whose heart is in the right place, I promise you—and at whose house we shall meet with some honest men, aye, and bonny lasses too. He gives a grand treat on Wednesday, and to-night I treat my labourers and workmen. They are excellent citizens, though in an humble estate; and I am sure you will have no objection to sit with them awhile, and to give them the right hand of fellowship."

"I shall sit with them all night if you desire it," said Charlton, "and take my rouse as heartily, as though they were of the Royal house of Denmark, or were to be the tip-top personages at the grand treat, which your friend, whose heart you say is in the right place, gives on Wednesday. But forewarned is forearmed, as the saying is; the right hand of fellowship is an ambiguous phrase; and I should not just now like to put my hand further out, than I could conveniently pull it in again."

A little dark-looking man in black now joined them on the lawn, on which they were still standing.

"This is Mr. O'Donohoe, our parish priest," said the host, "whom your grand friend below yonder would hang or transport if he could; and for no reason on earth that I know of, except that he is the sworn enemy of intolerance and tyranny of every kind."

"O! rare priest," said Charlton, as he followed them into the house; "I warrant

we shall next, in the overflowings of our liberality, convert the Jesuits into models of truth and plain dealing. But evil betide me who can get no rest from this eternal subject go where I will. I fear this conjunction between the parish priest and the Presbyterian bleacher, bodes my head and ears as little good, as that of Sir Ulic Mackiligut and the sage Deborah did to those of honest Mathew Bramble."

But it was not the conjunction of the priest and the bleacher, but of the bleacher and his men, which was that night to disturb, or, as he might choose to take it, to entertain him. A short while after dinner they adjourned to the bleaching loft, where the little patriotic band was already assembled.

There seemed from about twenty to twenty-five of those children of labour, and of linen, gathered together on the occasion. On the entrance of the master, as he was called, and his two supporters, a shout was set forth, which equalled in loudness and

continuance the noise of one of his best beetling machines.

The worthy bleacher returned the compliment by drinking to the health of those excellent, though humble citizens; and when the fresh uproar which this had given rise to had a little subsided, he made a short but pithy speech, in which he recalled to their imaginations those primitive times when all men were equal, and when the aggrandizement of the few was not founded on the degradation of the many!

Whether or no this discourse was well conceived, it was well taken, for it came home to the feelings of the auditors on a subject which, excellent citizens as they were, a prudenter master would have been tardy in submitting to their consideration.

The priest, who was a great snuff-taker, and had been educated in France, now spoke a few words in most nasal language, and concluded with his benediction—which, as these were liberal times in religion, as

well as in politics, was received with great indifference. The greater part of the company indeed were Presbyterians, and a priest's blessing was at no time of extraordinary value in their eyes.

Charlton had now leisure to survey the table, at the upper end of which he was seated. It was plentifully covered with oaten cakes, butter, and cheese. A number of wooden vessels called noggins were filled with milk or cream, and there was a particular description of the latter, known here under the appellation of pedlar's cream. It is, I believe, the churned milk after the larger masses of butter are taken off, but with the smaller particles still floating through it. We may presume it was the favourite beverage of the itinerant gentry whose name it bears, and as readily accepted, as it was cordially offered, on their welcome arrival at the farm-house, where they condescended to stop for the night. Nor was the liquor of liquors omitted; for there were two large jugs of whiskey, one

at the upper, and another at the lower end of the table.

A glass of this was occasionally taken—by many in its undiluted state; nor could Charlton have a doubt but that the worthy citizens he was consorting with, were sincerely attached to an order of things which brought them such fare, and into such company. Nor could he forbear a smile, as he contrasted his present situation and society, and that of a few evenings before. Yet almost instantly he checked himself, and the smile was changed into a sigh.—"Alas!" thought he, "it is but an apparent difference after all. In a few years the lord and the labourer shall be alike a clod of the earth. And what avails you then, poor creatures! Your travail and toil, your bustle and labour, your hopes and your fears, your projects and your plans! For the living know that they shall die, but the dead know not any thing; neither have they any more a reward, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor

wisdom in the grave, whither they are gone.

He would, in all probability, have continued, like the melancholy Jacques, to moralize the spectacle, little as it was a melancholy one, into a hundred other similes; but a loud call of silence announced a forthcoming song. It was the host himself, who of his own accord had, like Squire Lumpkin, graciously knocked himself down for one; and as republicans at times will flatter, as well as their neighbours, as much applause preceded and followed it, as in days past, now long past, we have ourselves, with somewhat different feelings from what we now should, heard accompany the Three Jolly Pigeons.

*Granu's advice to her Children.*

You sons of old Granu, give ear to your mother,
  And take my advice, or you'll never do well;
Too long have you quarrell'd the one with the other,
  Which causes poor Granu her case to bewail:

So arouse from your slumbers, unite in great numbers,
And help poor old Granu her Rights to regain,
For Bill, by taxation, has ruined the Nation,
And laid on me burdens which makes me complain.

A long time you have slumber'd, with senses benumbed,
And never once grumbled, but bow'd to the yoke;
But your humble submission it wrought no contrition,
And of your petition they made but a joke,
No reform from senators need be expected—
Unto yourselves you must look for redress:
So now, my dear children, be all well affected
And you and old Granu again will be bless'd.

You know, my dear children, John Bull we supported,
To his fleets and his armies in thousands did go;
On land, or at sea, when their foes they engaged,
'Twas you, my dear Paddy, that gave them the blow;
But, in return, our trade he has cramped,
And our legislators with him did combine,
With churchmen and statesmen, pensioners and placemen,
With their penal laws poor old Granu to bind.

You sons of Hibernia, no more emigration,
Nor leave your old Granu in bondage to mourn;
For air, soil, and water, your country is better
Than ever an island that's under the sun:
Therefore be steady, and always be ready,
In helping old Granu her rights to restore;
Your Union still cherish, and Freedom will flourish
Long as the Atlantic 's washing our shore.

Charlton was shortly afterwards called on; but his songs, he knew, were of a description which would little suit his rude audience, and he availed himself of the singer's accustomed apology, and pleaded a cold.

The little priest was the next in order, all alive, and as ready to sing as to say.—With some humour, and a twang through the nose, for all the world like the drone of a pair of bagpipes, he gave them the following, which he called the Red Night-cap.

Sure, Master John Bull, I shan't know till I'm dead
Where the devil you're driving to, heels over head!

Troth, I have watch'd you, my dear, day and night like a cat,
And bad luck to myself if I know what you're at.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

But the reason you waste all this blood and this gold
Is a secret, they say, that can never be told;
To be sure for such secrets my tongue is not fit,
For I can't keep it still without speaking a bit.
Derry down, &c.

But your foes, my dear John, say your brains are of lead,
That the fog of your island's ne'er out of your head;
That alike you misjudge of good measures or bad,
And are stupidly drowsy, or wilfully mad!
Derry down, &c.

By my soul, John, I've studied your nature awhile;
And I think, when they say so, they don't miss a mile:
The world's wide, to be sure—but as intellects go
You're as clumsy and bother'd a beast as I know.
Derry down, &c.

Don't you think it a pretty political touch,
To keep shooting your gold in the dams of the Dutch?
Sending troops to be swamped, where they can't draw their breath,
And buying a load of fresh Taxes with Death.
Derry down, &c.

Then comes the account, John; and faith, to be frank,
The cost is unbounded, the credit a blank!
'Tis a right Flemish bargain, where all you can claim
Is a plentiful balance of taxes and shame.
Derry down, &c.

A while your brave tars, the great prop of your state,
Have by glory and conquest, John, put off your fate;
But, if e'er on French decks shouts of victory roar,
'The Crown's a Red Night-cap, and England's no more!
Derry down, &c.

Various other songs were sung, and appropriate sentiments were given; until our youth, tired alike of one and the other, slipt off to his bed, and left the joyous party to the undisturbed enjoyment of both.

## CHAP. XI.

Let madmen follow error to the end,
I, of mistakes convinced, and proud to mend,
Strive to act better, being better taught,
Nor blush to own that change which reason wrought.
For such a change as this, must justice speak;
My heart was honest, but my head was weak.

THE countenances both of the host, and his friend the priest, as they sat down to their late breakfast, denoted the late, or, more properly speaking, the early hour to which they had prolonged their merriment;—or as Mr. O'Donohoe jocularly remarked, what a length of time they had been smelling to the whiskey.

"We were just looking on the creature," said this facetious gentleman, "for the devil a drop did I taste, barring a glass or

so now and again, to keep me from sleeping; —and troth it is a goodly sight to see, and a cheering, as a poor body of my persuasion once said to his ghostly father, who is now dead and gone, rest his soul, I pray God, Amen!—'Urra reverend surr,' said he, 'could you inform me now, if the wee drap drink is to be had in those blissed mansions you are telling me about.' 'And even if it were, you blundering blockhead,' said the good man, (we must speak big to our hearers, or they would soon have as little respect for us, as you Presbyterians have for your clergy,) 'and even if it were, you oaf,' said the good man, 'what good would that do you?—you are promised against whiskey, arn't you?' 'Soul am I, your reverence,' said Darby—Darby O'Flagherty, you know Mr. Stevenson—and wouldn't taste it till my time is out, for all the gold in the Belfast Bank; but sure for all that, I would like to see it on the table.'"

"He would have seen enough last night

at all events," said Charlton; "but pray is it May-day with you here still, or is the golden age revived in these mountains, that master and man sit down so lovingly together?"

"I knew you would think it strange," said the worthy bleacher, "but there is a reason for it, as father O'Donohoe there will tell you. I must now away to the lapping room, where, if you look in any time between this and the hour of dinner, you will find my men as busy and obedient, as if we had never taken bite or sup together, and I had strutted among them all my life as stately as Gulliver did among the Lilliputians."

"And that is no lie neither," said father O'Donohoe, "they are the real boys after all, and kindness is not thrown away upon them. But as to the golden age you were talking about, young gentleman, troth and that's an age we have little experience of in Ireland—except by tradition may be, and by reading a page or

so, when we can get time, in Ovid or Hesiod. It has been worse with us than a brazen age, or an iron age either, honey, and that for more years than I like to remember. But better times seem at hand; and we shall not, I trust, hang our harps much longer on the willows, or weep by the waters of Babylon."

"I am sure better or merrier times than we had last night," said our youth, "heart could not desire; and I pray you to answer my question, whether it is the usage of the country, or whether you were only keeping May-day, now in the last quarter of the moon?"

"And that was just the thing I was bid to tell you about," said father O'Donohoe. There is Mr. Stevenson now, as kind a friend, as good a master, and as honest a man as lives by bread. A real republican too, Saint Patrick be praised for it, as you would meet with in a summer's day; yet would you believe it, there is no good in making a secret of what every body here

abouts knows, he was once; I am almost ashamed to say it, but he was once, and not so long ago neither, little better than an aristocrat."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Charlton, with the requisite degree of wonder. "That I own I should not have expected; he must have been hard to please, who would not last night have thought him democratic enough."

"It is truth I tell you," resumed the reverend father; "he was a downright aristocrat, though not an outrageous one." The heart was right, the heart, Mr. Charlton—it was the head, dear, the head only that was wrong. And then they—that is my lord (I do not mean your lord), but my lord down at Barneen yonder—Lord Mountmumble they call him for a nickname, and all the water in Lough Neagh will not wash it out—and then they—my lord and his vile pack, touched him up so nicely, and so beflummered him; and sent him acts of parliament, and grand jury presentments, and letters—all in my lord's own

hand-writing, and beginning with dear sir at the top—and yours truly, and sometimes your sincere friend, at the bottom; and all directed to Thomas Stevenson, Esq.—nothing less, I assure you, bleacher though he was, and plain Mr. Stevenson, as all his life-long he had been. In short they so flattered him in these and various other ways, that the good man's brain became a little turned, that is God's own truth; and he pointed his chin, and held his head high up to his old cronies, and may be did a job or two besides, that he is now both sore and sorry for. But his heart was in the right place after all, as I have said; and all at once he turned tail on my lord and his terriers, and came back to the people again."

"And by way of penance I presume," said Charlton, "he at times does as he did last night, keeps his Saturnalia, and waits upon his servants at table."

"Troth and it was a real Saturnalia," said father O'Donohoe; "for the cap of liberty, the Pileus as they called it, was

uppermost; and long may it keep so, I pray God! But it was not by way of penance, nor of punishment neither, that my worthy friend entertained those honest citizens; but by way of gratitude, which is a better way than either. But evil betide me," continued the reverend father, "here I am talking away like a gander, and telling you what you might read all alone by yourself in black and white."

"The conversion then of citizen Stevenson, esquire no longer, has been given to the public?" inquired Charlton.

"Deed has it, and that better than a year, or a year and a half ago. You have heard tell of Billy Bluff and the Squire surely?"

"I have so; but Mr. Stevenson, I am certain, is neither of them."

"He is not; but he's Noddledrum, and many a one calls him it yet, behind his back. But here he is at full length; and you may have a look at him, while I take a step through the parish, and see a bit

after the births and the burials;—for that is man's history told in two words, God help us; and all the lost books of Livy, if we had them, could not tell it to us better."

"Noddledrum!" repeated Charlton, as he unfolded the old and dusty newspaper which had been presented to him; "surely that is no flattering designation of our hospitable friend."

"It is not; but your authors and writers are ill cattle to shoe behind, you know, and will at times have their fling at friend as well as foe. Besides it was a little hit at him for being a man of my lord's; now that he is a man of the people, he is Noddledrum no longer."

"I fear," said Charlton, as he read all alone by himself, as the worthy father had expressed it, "that he never was fairly Noddledrum till now."

*Squire Firebrand and Mr. Noddledrum.*

*Fire.* Mr. Noddledrum, I am very happy to see you. Please to take a chair.

*Nod.* Well, Mr. Firebrand, any thing particular in the packets this morning?

*Fire.* No, nothing to call particular; some details of the archduke changing his positions, which shows his prudence and great generalship.

*Nod.* Any thing from Italy?

*Fire.* No, very little. It appears Buonaparte's army is almost ruined, notwithstanding the trifling advantages lately gained over General Wurmser. But never mind the times abroad; what think you of the times at home, Mr. Noddledrum?

*Nod.* That is a hard question, I acknowledge. I have often heard it said that time is wise; but whether past, present, or future, I know not; but my Lord Mountmumble is in a terrible pother about the times. I had a letter from him yesterday; he is most certainly very much frightened. Here is a

hand-bill which is privately circulated every where, which he enclosed me; he says it ought to fill every man in the country with dread and fear.

"The last Speech, Confession, and Dying Words of the Times which were executed on Alarm Hill, on Thursday the 7th instant, for the wilful and bloody murder of Tyranny, Superstition, and Hypocrisy: Whereas, I was born of a wise, industrious, and provident parent, who supplied me with all knowledge, experience, and virtue suited to my station. Having occasion to see the perfidy of courts, the arrogance of princes, the duplicity of statesmen, the bigotry of priests, the struggles of despotism, and the triumph of freedom, I was led into daily temptation. I was, at one and the same time, blamed and blaming, exposing and exposed; in me did wickedness thrive, in me was every villany attempted, in me has the sword of war continued unsheathed, and in me has the liberty of opinion been stifled with the

penalty of the forfeiture of life. For these atrocities I have been condemned to death, and die an unheeded and unregretted monitor of the works of God. THE TIMES."

*Fire.* A very insinuating hand-bill, Mr. Noddledrum. I don't at all wonder that my Lord Mountmumble should be surprised and alarmed at such unaccountable insinuations. But I have hit on some real plans that I hope you will approve of; all men should set their heads to work in the present times. A man is no man who will not do something. The last time I planned the county road over the big hill, to accommodate my lord's quarry, you agreed, and we carried it. Now give me your assistance, and I am sure we'll do. My first plan is to swear the county.

*Nod.* To swear the county!

*Fire.* Yes! to swear the county, not a county meeting, but a county swearing.

*Nod.* Well, and what then?

*Fire.* O! my dear sir, the happiest consequences; the very happiest consequences

must ensue. Loyalty will show itself, silence will be obliged to speak out, my lord will know the chaff from the wheat; all things will then be known that ought to be known, all things will then be seen that ought to be seen, and all will be convinced and satisfied, and happy.

*Nod.* Why, Mr. Firebrand, we may try, I say we may try. But there is one thing on my mind, which weighs with me about this forced swearing:

> A man convinced against his will,
> Is of the same opinion still.

*Fire.* No matter about that; my idea is new, and large, and grand.

*Nod.* I'll be glad to hear it.

*Fire.* Why, it is this; I will get a bible on a new plan: one that will produce awe, and terror, and veneration, and loyalty, and piety, and love, and allegiance. For do you see, Mr. Noddledrum, a fellow now-a-days thinks no more of switching the primmer, as he calls it, on a little common,

dirty custom-house thumb-bible, than he would think of swallowing a glass of whiskey. Now, I will get Lord Mountmumble to lay my plan before government. The bible must be the size of a large chest of drawers, made of wood, painted, gilt, lettered, and bound like the outside of a book; and just so large that, when turned edgeways, it may be brought in at the door of a church, meeting-house, or chapel. Now, my dear Noddledrum, is it not as clear as noon-day, that when the church is full, or when the chapel is full, or when the meeting-house is full, and this great bible (it shall be called the Royal Bible) in the middle, every man will swear at the word of command. My lord, or the agent, or the clergyman gets up, and says with a loud voice—Swear all! Swear all! Swear all!

*Nod.* And what will they swear?

*Fire.* First, the oath of allegiance, which will be printed on one side of the bible; and then the following questions will be

put, which they must answer upon oath. Do you know any secret which every body else knows? Did you ever meet any large bodies of men where nobody saw you? Did you ever take an oath not to tell any body that you did take it? Did you ever talk treason with any person in private, where there was no person to hear you? How many United Irishmen are yet to join the Union, as they call it? How long will it be till the whole nation becomes united? Is not the silence that prevails in the country a proof of uproar and rebellion?

*Nod.* Now, neighbour Firebrand, I am at a loss to know where all this will end; this is driving very fast; and drovers will tell you that when cattle are driven too fast, they will either give up, run off the road, or turn upon their drivers: for my part, it has always been a maxim with me that, "fair and easy goes far in the day. I have, to be sure, joined in getting the two young men imprisoned for shooting the

woodcock; in putting farmer Murphy in the stocks for striking my lord's spaniel that worried his lamb; I gave my consent to have the muskets taken out of the two Catholics' houses, because they were not qualified to keep them; and I joined in promoting the depredations of the Orangemen. God forgive me for these, and all other such things!

*Fire.* Aye, Mr. Noddledrum, is it come to that? 'Fore God, I feared as much; I thought I saw you wavering for some time past. A melancholy affair! Will you be so good as to oblige me with your reasons for this change?

*Nod.* I cannot tell how it happened, but things came strangely about. Last Wednesday three weeks, upwards of three hundred reapers came to cut down my oats; I thanked them; told them my oats were all cut but one field, which was not ripe; I offered them drink, which they refused; I forced thirty-seven of my own tenants who were among them to stay and

dine with me; I asked them what all this was for; I understood that it all proceeded from my having turned off the two spies which you hired for me; and from my giving orders that Barmy Foam, the gauger, should bring me no more stories about his neighbours.

*Fire.* So then the two spies are discharged without having sworn away a single life?

*Nod.* They certainly are.

*Fire.* Good God! and Barmy Foam, my Lord Mountmumble's old footman, is gone too?

*Nod.* He is no longer to bring news to me.

*Fire.* So much the more pity; by my honour, the fellow could squeeze loyalty out of the dregs of a beer-barrel, and smoke treason out of a roll of tobacco.

*Nod.* No matter, I wash my hands clean of them all.

*Fire.* Then you may say that you wash your hands clean of all information respect-

ing the country. Give up spies and informers, and you give up the king and constitution; I see nothing else. There's Bluff; now you have no conception what news I get from him; early and late he's on the watch; nothing escapes him, and he's ready any moment to swear any thing that would serve the cause. So you see, Mr. Noddledrum, you and I have got different views of things now.

*Nod.* So it appears.

*Fire.* Well, but how did you and your tenants part? I suppose you made them all drunk.

*Nod.* Hearty, just hearty. They sung songs, drank toasts, and made merry. My heart, do you see, warmed to the boys, and I joined them in every thing. They sung a favourite song—Erin go bragh; and when they came to a verse that says—"Let's love one another, and never more part O!" standing up, we grasped each others' hands around the table; my heart melted within me; the tear stood in my

eye; the rogues took me in the moment of my weakness, seized their glasses, and in a bumper drank Union to Irishmen; I swallowed it at one mouthful. It was no sooner down than a new and inexpressible sensation ran through all my frame; my head was filled with ecstasy, and my heart with joy; I thought myself enchanted. Another song and another bumper crowned my delight. The boys got up, departed with three huzzas. I went to my bed-chamber, ordered the bed to be brought from behind the wall, where you said I could sleep in safety, and, instead of undressing in the dark, as you do, and have advised me for some time to do, I ordered two candles to be placed on the table; I threw my pistols into the fire, and my blunderbuss out at the window; I gave my fusee to one of the men, and bid him shoot magpies; I ordered another to take the two pitchforks into the stable; I gave the pole and bayonet to the girl to stab rats in the cellar; and I ordered Jean

Jelly, the housekeeper, to take away my broad sword, and defend herself against Hosier's ghost, which she says haunts her every night in her sleep. I tumbled into bed and slept for ten hours; the only sound sleep I got these fourteen months. I would not give what happiness I enjoyed since for Lord Mountmumble's estate. An honest man need not be afraid; and I remember a text my grandfather used to preach on four times in the year:—"The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth." For my part, I'll take chance with my country, and live and die in peace; so, Mr. Firebrand, good morning to you.

## CHAP. XII.

They say our hands are free from fetters,
Yet whom they please they lay in basest bonds
Bring whom they please to infamy and scorr
Drive us, like wrecks, down the rough tide
Whilst no hold's left to save us from destruct:

THE day of the gran[illegible] [illegible]ent which was to be given by [illegible] an whose heart was in the rig[illegible] [illegible]s now come; and Charlton cheer[illegible] [illegible] panied his friend Stevenson, [illegible] drum, as we may choose to call hin[illegible]

They were joined on the road b[illegible] O'Donohoe, who was in excellent [illegible] as well from natural disposition, as the prospect of good fare and good co[illegible]-pany. Possibly he contemplated woman pretty much in the same way that the

Darby of his story did whiskey; and though he could wed none of the bonny lasses of whom their host had made mention, he liked to see them round the table.

There was a large, and it might almost be said a brilliant assemblage of both sexes. It was what is called a house-warming; and there was to be a dinner, a ball, and a supper.

There was a number of handsome young women, smiling like Hebes, and verdant as spring, for they all wore her livery—green ribbons, green gowns, green shoes, and green handkerchiefs. The company indeed were all of one mind, ladies old and young; youth which sat at a side table, as well as the grave personage who said grace. Erin go bragh, Unite and be free, and Paddy's Resource, were sung with rapture; and our youth, who, for the moment perhaps was intoxicated with the young ladies' charms, chorussed as loudly as if he had been Napper Tandy himself. He was no enemy to government, as we have seen;

but he probably thought it would not fall a whit the sooner for the weapons they were then attacking it with.

A gentleman, of a saturnine appearance, who sat in a corner, and sung the least, though he drank the most of any one in company, was of the same opinion. H[illegible] addressed them on their improper levit[illegible] .... he expected to have heard som[illegible] *tional* conversation, he said, .... so[illegible] for delivering them from their [illegible] enemies.... the vile magistrate[illegible] pressed .... the viler spies w[illegible] [illegible] upon them.... drinking an[illegible] [illegible]as not the way, even if th[illegible] and drank to doomsday; but [illegible] [illegible]son single out an enemy, dispa[illegible] best manner he could.... so [illegible] example would be followed by t[illegible] trymen, applauded by the world, a[illegible] land would be free.

Charlton heard this modest proposal [illegible] assassination, amidst the festivities of the

table, with astonishment. Every one was silent.

"This is the first time," whispered he to his right-hand neighbour, "that I ever heard butchering men, more than breaking their bones, was sport for the ladies."

"When they are enemies to their country," replied this *humane* and *judicious* young lady; "what better can they expect?"

He looked at her steadfastly—at the faces of the men and other women. He had mistaken the cause of their silence—it was not wonder—it was not horror—he would not say it was approbation!

With the warmth of an uncontaminated mind, he reprobated the infamy of assassination, and the iniquity of such an advice, which was not more odious than absurd—not more shocking to humanity than opposite to policy—which would detach every thinking man from their cause, and

for every enemy taken off, would raise up an hundred in his room.

The grave gentleman looked at him without making any reply: "Who is that fellow," whispered he to the gentleman who sat next him, "that has been preaching there—is he a parson?"

"No," the other answered, "he young surgeon."

"Ecod then, he will never an old one: he is a sad ari

Charlton in the cour ning danced with a lady of a m prepossessing appearance. He poli-ties to her, for he was disco his unsuccessful whisper to his fa at table. She [illegible]tered on th however, herself.

"I should never have thought you an aristocrat," said she, "if I had heard it from your own lips!"

"My own lips then," he replied, "must have uttered false words; for I assure you

I am no aristocrat, but a friend to the rights—and better even than rights, to the happiness of man."

"You take a *wrong* method of showing it then," said she, "by pleading the cause of his oppressors—vile wretches! I am sure death is too good for them. They deserve worse, if worse is possible."

"It is not so much what they deserve, we should consider, as what is proper for ourselves. I am sure assassination is not a fit subject for a girl, nor I trust will it ever find an advocate in you."

"Ah!" said she, shaking her head, "you are no true croppy." (The united Irishmen, as the reader may have gathered from the preceding narrative, wore their hair short, and were therefore designated by the loyalists, in derision, croppies; persons who for convenience adopted this fashion, often experienced, therefore, insult, and sometimes injury, from the zealots of loyalty, who carefully preserved their own

long and flowing locks, as if Irish loyalty, like Sampson's strength, lay in the hair.) —"You may wear your hair close; you may sing what songs, and dance to what tunes, you please; but I tell you, you are no true croppy; you *reason*; but a Republican," said she with animation, "*feels* for his bleeding country; for the exile in a foreign land; for the prisoner in a dungeon; for the victim on the scaffold; for the wretched wanderer without habitation or name, whose house has been burned, and property destroyed, by the vile agents of lawless and brutal power. And because I am a woman, I am not to think of this! I am not to feel for their sorrows, because I cannot relieve their distresses! I am not to pursue with curses their low-minded, and soon I hope to be low-laid oppressors, because I am a woman! because I am weak! because I am a girl, as you are pleased to call me! but if I am weak, God is strong, and will soon, I trust, exterminate such monsters from the face of the earth. I

would not," added she, after a pause, and in a more moderate tone, "strike a dagger into one of their hearts, but I would bless and pray for the man who did it; and would take his chance of heaven, far sooner than the cold-blooded preacher's who talks of virtue, but encourages vice, and tramples on and outrages innocence by affording impunity to guilt."

No reply was made to this violent speech; to have answered it with ridicule would have been cruel, and reason would have been unavailing to lay those terrific images her fancy had conjured up; and which caused her, like Hamlet, to speak daggers, though, like him, she said, she would use none. Spite of his prudence, the cold-blooded preacher indeed was struck with respect and admiration for the feelings that dictated those sentiments; that sparkled in the eye, and illuminated the countenance of the fair enthusiast: and when he took hold of her hand, which still trembled from the vehemence with which she

had spoken, and surveyed the tear which trickled down her glowing cheek, he found his feelings in favour of the exile, the prisoner, and the wanderer, stronger than they had ever been before. Like Festus, in the Apostles, he could have exclaimed, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a republican!"

Having escaped this fair tempter, he was in little danger from the one who next assailed him. The grave gentleman who was so fond of rational conversation invited him to his corner, to have, as he said, a little serious discourse with him. With Cicero he possibly thought that no one ever danced who was not mad; and certainly it does not seem, at least as the Scotch and Irish manage it, an over-wise piece of business. However that be, he withdrew our youth as far from the sound of the music as possible; and when they were arrived at the most retired part of the room, he proceeded, drawing himself up with great dignity, to inform him, that the

county regiment was complete in men. The subordinate officers were likewise all appointed, but a leader was wanted. He had interest, he believed, enough to procure it for him; he was a surgeon, a young man of a good understanding, and understood Latin and Greek no doubt; which was, above all things, what the troops desired the most. (The rebels, it seems, in order to be in all respects as different from his Majesty's forces as possible, wished to have men of learning at their head.)

If, therefore, he would join the people, (it was a lamentable thing to see one so young, and he must admit so clever, in alliance with their enemies,) and take the united Irishman's oath, the situation of colonel was very much at his service.

Charlton stared at him for some time, thinking he was jesting; but finding he was serious, he declined the favour with as much gravity as it was offered. He returned him many thanks for the opinion he entertained of his talents, and the high

promotion, which might soon be followed by still *higher*, he meant to honour him with. He never could discover, however, that he had any military qualifications. They had all heard of heaven-born statesmen and generals, but he was afraid he was not a heaven-born colonel; he had never fired a gun but once in his life, at a flock of sparrows, about ten paces distant, and then he missed them; his genius (if he had any) lay in another way—his ideas were all grovelling—to his shame he must confess, he preferred the ringing of a pestle and mortar, to the sound of a trumpet; and writing recipes, to flourishing a pike: with his good leave, therefore, he would stick to his profession, concluding with nearly a similar sentiment to that of Othello:

> Though in my trade I may perhaps slay men,
> Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
> To do no contrived murder.

The conference here ended; the young

man returned to his dancing, and the worthy colonel-maker sallied forth, possibly in quest of some one who spoke Latin, and had more enterprise, and fewer scruples, than he had.

## CHAP. XIII.



O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.



The morning after this merry and memorable day, our youth had subject for reflection; and it was not of the most pleasurable kind. It seemed, to make use of a coarse but expressive manner of speaking, that he had got out of the frying-pan only to get into the fire. The place he had left was in a state of great disaffection, it was true; but here is was downright rebellion. He had seen and heard enough indeed to convince him, that rebellion was not only plan-

ning, but planned, and on the actual point even of breaking out; and it was not necessary to be a great lawyer, to know that consenting (consorting would be reckoned consenting), as he had appeared to do, he was in a measure *particeps criminis;* and if not guilty of high treason, he was of something very near to it. This gave him no very agreeable sensation; for he had no vocation for the gallows; and had as little disposition to be hanged, as Falstaff had to be damned, for any king, republic, or form of government, in christendom.

He thought it the wisest plan, therefore, to leave this dangerous neighbourhood immediately, and to return home as abruptly as he had quitted it. Lord Eglamour too, thought he, must be returned by this time surely, and will no doubt wonder what has become of me. "Perhaps, when he hears of the company I have been keeping, he will do more than wonder. But never mind that," continued he, his heart getting lighter as he proceeded, and contemplated his plea-

sant prospects; "I shall soon convince him that I am a good man and true; faithful to my engagements to him, though he be a lord; and ready to marry his daughter, unseen though she be; and should there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven, as Master Slender says, may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know each other."

He accordingly proceeded forthwith to acquaint his worthy host with his intention; but here he had literally reckoned without his host; for neither remonstrance nor entreaty would prevail on the good man to allow him to depart till the following day.

"Yonder is the stable," said he, (they were walking at the time on the little lawn,) "and here is the key; and damn me—Lord forgive me for swearing—if you leave this to-day, unless you travel on your feet, or ride, as somebody I have read of of old did, on an arrow through the air. Why,

man alive! I mean that you and I, and father O'Donohoe here, shall pass a quiet day together, after our yesterday's carousing, and have our say out about all these pretty girls you seemed so enamoured with. Well, success to ruby lips and coral cheeks, I say; for they are the best preachers after all; and I'll engage you are a better republican to-day, than you were yesterday, any-how."

"He had much need," said father O'Donohoe—like the Vicar of Wakefield with Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, —I love to give the name at full length. "He had much need," said the worthy father, "for he was just about as good a one then, as General Wurmser is. But let us sit down here, I pray you, and rest ourselves; the blessing of Saint Patrick on you, friend Stevenson, for making this snug seat, where we can all three sit at our ease, and see our blue mountains and green valleys all around and about us. Ough, long life to you, Ireland, my darling! you are the land, after all, for green pastures and re-

freshing waters, and I warrant king David had you in his eye, when he desired to be led among them; for the devil a such a sheet of water as that lake there, was to be seen in all Canaan, even at the time it was best off, in the way of milk and honey. But let us sit down here, as I was saying, and talk a bit about your argument of last night, neighbour Charlton. You were very great, I admit, and did not leave the poor delegate, (a real delegate believe me, and.... Nabaclosh .... we must not give strong drink to babes,)—and did not leave the poor delegate a word to say for himself; but you must let me speak that can speak, as the girl said that heard Derry bells ring, and thought she had a right therefore to lay down the law to her less travelled neighbours."

The worthy father laughed heartily at this excellent joke, and then, taking a pinch of snuff commensurate to the argument, proceeded with a gravity better suited to the subject he was entering on.

"Not that I object to, or disapprove of, the sentiments which you expressed yesterday altogether, or *in limine*," said he; "they were humane and creditable to you; as a general rule of action, assassination I allow is unjustifiable. But *dolus latet in universalibus*, and no one, I think, has ever denied but that exceptions might occur, and have indeed occurred: I pass over the slaying of Archbishop Sharpe in Scotland, though, as a Presbyterian, it should have great weight with you. But that, it may be said, was done in a barbarous age and land, and we may further add, by a parcel of wrong-headed and crazy fanatics. I shall, therefore, remount at once to the classical ages, and ask you whether the assassination of Cæsar was a deed not more odious than absurd—not more shocking to humanity than opposite to policy? for such were your unqualified expressions; or whether, on the contrary, the names of Brutus and Cassius, wept even by enslaved Rome, and honoured by every succeeding age since, have not

come down to us among the fairest, I may say the very fairest names of antiquity?"

"They have so," replied our youth; "and God forbid that I should detract in the slightest degree from the merits of either of these illustrious men. They were martyrs to the cause of freedom, as they regarded it, and of their country; and besides, their names are entwined round my heart, by the sweet associations and fond recollections of my early days. But because they did an overwhelming deed, under circumstances of the most extraordinary kind, is, therefore, every puny whipster who bears a sword, but has no honesty, to plead, on every petty occasion, their great example! And they, even they!—while we admire their talents, their motives, and their virtues, can we shut our eyes to the consequences of their deed? Alas! we are poor, weak, bounded creatures, and know not the consequences of a single deed of ours. Mark, I entreat you, the consequences of this deed of theirs!—it cut off an usurper it is true;

but he was a humane, a magnanimous, and, above all, he was an aged one; and it placed a crafty, and cruel, and youthful one in his room. It enslaved the people more certainly, because an hundred times more slowly and cunningly than he could have done. It subjected Rome to a proscription horrible beyond example; and, finally—for I see you are impatient, it perpetuated a race of tyrants, whose enormities were so great, as to be almost inconceivable to us, and which might well have made the Deity a second time regret that he had created man!"

"Your syllogism is erroneous," exclaimed the impatient priest; "I deny your premises; and your conclusion, therefore, falls to the ground. It was not the death of Cæsar that produced these dread consequences. It was not what those great men did, but what they unfortunately left undone. It was not their inhumanity, but their humanity, their misplaced and mistaken humanity, which spared Mark An-

tony, and, therefore, as Cicero well told them, left their glorious work incomplete; for had I been concerned, said that great man, I should have rid the republic, not only of the tyrant, but likewise of the tyranny. I should have—but stop, I have not, I think, so entirely forgot my reading, but that I can give you the whole sentence in his own words. *Sed unam rem vereor, ne non probes; si enim fuissem non solum regem, sed regnum etiam de republica sustulissem; et si meus stilus ille fuisset (ut dicitur) mihi crede, non solum unum actum, sed totam fabulam confecissem.*"

"That is precisely what I object to in assassination," said the young man. "It never knows where to stop; it cannot, indeed, without destruction to itself, stop. Crime produces crime; blood begets blood; and the earth becomes a scene of destruction, desolation, and death!"

We shall pursue the argument no further; for the worthy father's rejoinder was almost of interminable length: and shall

merely give his concluding speech, which was a kind of *argumentum ad hominem*, or at least a begging of the question.

"Well, well," said he, "I only spoke of these matters hypothetically—nobody wants you to assassinate; we only want you to fight. That was an extraordinary compliment, let me tell you, that the delegate paid you last night, and an offer, I promise you, which he would have made to few. There was not another young man in the room, who would not, I am sure, gladly have jumped at it."

"Possibly," said Charlton; "but my situation, let me once for all say, is different from that of most other young men. I am no republican, not even in theory, strange as you doubtless will think it; I have no quarrel with government neither, which, as I have often said, never did harm to me or mine. My prospects, in truth, are all of a peaceful, and I may add of a prosperous kind. Lord Eglamour has a regard for me, and interests himself in my behalf in a

manner which I am not at present at liberty to mention. He wonders, I am sure, what has become of me; and I am, I own, impatient to see him again. So sincere indeed is the respect I bear him, that were I even in speculation a republican, I should still be adverse to a system to which he is, I know, so hostile, and which, if successful, would be so hostile to him."

"As to Lord Eglamour," said Mr. Stevenson, who had walked away during a discussion which had so little interested him, but who had returned when father O'Donohoe's nasal Latin no longer sounded in his ears,—"But Lord's sake," broke off "he, what man is that, that comes at such a rate yonder; down in the glen there, by the side of the old fir-tree?"

"I see him, I see him," exclaimed father O'Donohoe, jumping from his seat, and clapping his hands; "it is an express, by Gough, if ever there were one upon earth, —*Virgo sancta Virginum!*—if it should be the French now that had landed!—the

game would be over before it was well begun!"—

Viva la! ye Northern heroes;
May the North and South agree;
Dread or fear shall never scare us—
Viva la! we will be free!

"He is a servant," said Mr. Stevenson, "be he what ever else he may—I see his livery."

"Then he is no express," said Charlton. "At all events he is no republican one; the party-coloured gentlemen are all, I believe, on the other side.—He is, he is a servant," an instant afterwards joyfully exclaimed he. "It is Lord Eglamour's livery, I see it plainly now, and he is coming to me. Now, my friends, you shall perceive the truth of what I was telling you. Mr. Stevenson, you will I presume unlock your stable, and let my horse be brought out; his lordship is doubtless impatient to see me, and requires my immediate return."

Whatever impatience he himself felt, he

had to wait some time for its gratification; for though the horseman galloped in the valley, there was a steep hill to ascend, and he came up it slowly.

Arrived at length, however, he put a letter without speaking into our youth's hands.

"His lordship is well, I hope," said he, as he looked on the well-known superscription and seal.

The servant made a silent bow.

"That is the bearer of ill news," exclaimed Charlton, striking the letter against his forehead, as he ran into the house, and up to his own room, before he had courage to open it.

These were the contents:

"There are few faults which I could not pardon, for I am not faultless myself; but there is one which I never could, and that is hypocrisy.

"I trusted in you, and you deceived me. I proffered to you (conditionally) the great-

est favour I had to bestow. The following morning your companions were acquainted with the circumstance; it was a subject of discussion even, whether or no it would be a degradation in you to accept of my offer. It is a degradation which you shall be spared.

"But this is not all, nor the worst. In a moment of weakness, I had a half-formed thought, which I confided to you. This too you revealed. And mark! I know not this from her it most concerned only, but from authority which you cannot dispute. The fact indeed of its being known, is authority enough; for never could it have been known but by you. You may, therefore, spare yourself expostulation; for it would be unavailing. My resolutions are not suddenly taken, but they are unalterable.

"In consideration of the friendship I bore you, I would admonish you, that the society you are in is of the most dangerous description; and if you regard your per-

sonal safety, you will instantly return home, (to your native home, I mean,) until these times are over.

"EGLAMOUR."

The consternation of the poor young man, as he read, and re-read this unwelcome and unexpected epistle, can be more easily conceived than described. If there were one feeling stronger in his breast than another, it was that of respect for his lordship; and the joy which he expressed at the proposed union with his daughter was not so much on her own account, as that she belonged to him. Love for a person unseen and unknown, he could not be supposed to have felt; still on good or on ill dowry he would have married her; as he almost would his greatest aversion, and that was Miss O'Regan, had she in like manner been proffered to him.

To be thus accused was, therefore, in the highest degree painful to him; the more especially as in one, though that was the

slightest instance, he felt he was to blame. *Noscitur a socio* is in general no bad rule; and he could not conceal from himself that he was guilty of great imprudence, in thus residing better than a week among the most determined and acknowledged republicans in the whole country.

But this was a fault which would have been readily overlooked; the unpardonable crime was, that he had made Miss O'Regan his enemy. Of this lady he had, nearly from the first, entertained an almost superstitious apprehension; and her vengeance, as it now seemed, was beginning.

When his first emotions had a little subsided, he ran down again to the lawn, but the messenger he found was long gone. His orders were peremptory, he had told Mr. Stevenson, to deliver the letter into the young gentleman's own hands; and then, without stop or stay, to return.

At the rate he travelled at, and mounted as he was on one of his lordship's choice hunters, it would have been useless to

attempt to overtake him, even if that would have done any good. Charlton was therefore left to his own reflections, and they were far from being of a pleasurable kind. In imagination he had soared high, and pictured life to himself, such as it is nowhere, except in the imagination, to be found; as a scene of perpetual flowers and sunshine, of unalterable love and friendship; and he mourned over the faded prospect as if it were a real one!

The two friends consoled him in their manner, by unfolding the glorious prospects which, in consequence of his breach with Lord Eglamour, were now open to him. When this topic was found unavailing, they had recourse to some of those apophthegms which at all times have been crammed into the ears of grief, against the stomach of its sense.

"My house, my house, though thou art small, thou art to me the Escurial," said Mr. Stevenson. "I visited in the houses of the great as well as you, Mr. Charlton,

but I gave them up before they gave up me; and I thank God I now live in a house of my own."

"Cheer up, man," said father O'Donohoe, sententiously. "God is still where he was; and the greatest lord that ever lived must go to-bed at last, as well as yourself, with a shovel or a spade. And as to my Lord Eglamour," continued the good man, going off at a canter after this hopeful beginning, "what is he after all, that you should mourn over the loss of his acquaintance, as if he was a descendant of *ould* king Bryan Barome. His family is not ancienter than Philip and Mary, I'll be bound for it; and as to himself, what is he, let me again ask you! And to save you the trouble of answering, I will tell you myself; he is as poor as a rat (that's for a lord), and he is as proud as Lucifer. I know that by experience, for I was once in his company—the devil be in my feet, when I am in it a second time; and I told two of my best stories—the very two

that I set the Duke of Medina Sidonia, and two other grandees of Spain, a-laughing with, when I was a bachelor at Salamanca; and the Saxon churl never so much as moved jaw or muscle. Why, man alive! he is nobody; and if the *ould* regime, as the French call it, was to last till doomsday, he could neither do you good nor harm. He has neither money nor interest.

But it was neither his money nor his interest which Charlton at the instant thought about. It was his friendship which he so much valued, and which, to all appearance, he had for ever lost. It was all the gay visions, which for weeks past had floated through his imagination, he mourned over; and, like Rachel weeping for her children, he would not be comforted, because they were not!

## CHAP. XIV.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her bright'ning face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve;
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave—
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

YOUTH has many advantages; and it is not the least of them, that though it sorrows severely, it seldom sorrows long.

Charlton rose the following morning with very different feelings from what he had when he lay down. He regretted the loss of Lord Eglamour's friendship, it is true; but he no longer deplored it as an irremediable evil, nor regarded Miss O'Re-

gan as an almost supernatural enemy, whom it would be impossible to oppose. And should it even be so; should his lordship be implacable, and the lady, or devil rather, as he was pleased to regard her, prevail, he had youth, health, and a good conscience; and the world was wide enough for them all. It would still have its joys; and had Lord Eglamour remained to him all that he ever was, it would have had its sorrows too. God, as the worthy priest had well told him, was still where he was; and under his protection he doubted not to be able to procure raiment and food; and, after all, life required little more. At all events, it will be all one a hundred years hence, philosophically concluded he; "and Lord Eglamour, and Miss O'Regan, and I myself, shall be all provided for alike!"

After breakfast he took a cheerful leave of his two companions, and set out on his way homewards; not to his native home as his lordship had recommended, for that he would have deemed cowardice, and an

acknowledgment of guilt,—but to his adopted one.

It was now the latter end of May, and the morning was a beautiful one. His heart caught the contagion of the season; and as he followed the train of thought which has been just alluded to, he repeated with enthusiasm the beautiful lines prefixed to this chapter.

Fair weather, however, is no very certain possession in Ireland, and he had not travelled many miles, when the rain, which is almost of constant recurrence in those mountains, came down in torrents, and drove him to seek for the nearest shelter he could find. He was long in finding it, for houses were not so frequent as rain or mountains; and when at length he came to one, he hesitated about going in.

It belonged to a gentleman (in Irish parlance, it is an appellation freely given) who, in the highest acceptation of the word, was a *loyal* man; that is to say, he was without mercy or moderation, or (as some

one, equally perhaps fond of alliteration with a great popular writer, had designated him,) without rhyme or reason so.

Charlton had a slight acquaintance with him, but now too well aware that the company he had been so lately keeping was of something worse than dubious character, he rather mistrusted his welcome; but the rain was still excessive, and Irish hospitality, he knew, would not send the wayfaring man from the gate. He entered, therefore, and met if not with a very hearty, at least with a civil reception.

Awhile before dinner, a jaunting-car drove up to the door, and, their clothes and umbrellas all dripping, two females hastily dismounted, and ran (one of them very nimbly) into the house. As far as Charlton could discern, this fair Atalanta seemed of an elegant form, and young; the other was an elderly, or rather a middle-aged woman. A gentleman who had been likewise in the car followed them in.

Shortly afterwards three gentlemen ar-

rived on horseback, likewise seeking shelter from the rain.

"This," said our youth to himself, "is a second edition of Zobiede's tale in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments; and here come, if not three calenders, king's sons, three, I will venture to pronounce, staunch king's men.

They were all in uniform jackets, and by rather an incongruous combination of clothes, had flaming Orange handkerchiefs about their necks, so that he could not well indeed have mistaken their vocation.

When they were arranging themselves at table, he looked in vain for the appearance of the female visitors, and their male companion. The three last comers only sat down to dinner.

After it was over, and the cloth was removed, conversation took the usual turn, and politics, and the news of the day, if not very ably discussed, were very earnestly descanted on. There was, however, none of the glee of the opposite party, for they

were angry, and, imposing as at that moment seemed the Union, possibly likewise despairing of success. Their discourse, and in an especial manner their toasts, partook of this iritation.

" I say, Mr. Noble, noble by name and noble by nature, by G—," said one of the blue and all blue Triumvirate, addressing himself to his host; " I crave liberty to give a toast."

" Drink what you will, only drink what you fill," replied the *noble* person addressed; filling a bumper at the same time for the embryo toast, with which his friend seemed to labour.

" Then here is ——," it was more than confusion, " to all rebels, republicans, and Presbyterians," pronounced the other with an acrimony, which showed that, had it been in his power, it would, very likely, have been more than a toast.

" The present company always excepted, I trust," said Charlton good-humouredly, unwilling to quarrel, particularly with such

a sturdy disputant, whose best argument, it was possible, lay at his fingers' ends, or hung by his side.

"Neither the company present, nor the company absent," said fiercely the giver of this benevolent sentiment. "This is a loyal man's house, Mr. Charlton, I believe your name is; and the first rebel that stops at his door, I hope he will break his neck over the threshold, that is all, d—— me if I don't."

"You may leave that to the executioner," said Charlton; "I warrant you when his time comes, he will do it as cleverly as you could wish. I am neither a rebel nor a republican, but I am a Presbyterian; as I hope for the honour of the cloth you wear, you did not before know, and, with your good leave, I shall drink—confusion neither to myself, nor to my sect."

The master of the house now interfered, and the toast, after some altercation, was set aside.

"No offence to Presbyterians at this table, by G—" said he, "as long as there is one of the black heart. . . . a hem. . . . I mean one of the psalm-singing breed at it. Besides, Mr. Charlton here is a great friend of my Lord Eglamour's, you know, and I am sure, Presbyterian though he be, he is a loyal man at bottom.'

"Whatever he may be at the top," interrupted the giver of the obnoxious toast, pointing to our youth's stubbed head, and laughing himself into good humour, by the means of this admirable pun.

"Aye," resumed the host, "croppy though he be, and though he has been boozing (drinking) this week past with worthy Mr. Noddledrum, and loyal father O'Donohoe, up by there; and capered, as I am credibly informed, higher by some inches than any other person in the room, at the grand croppy ball that was given by that old, wily fox Monro, a night or two ago. But remember, I pray you, gen-

tlemen, what trade he is of; a doctor must not only make himself all things to all men, but to all women likewise; and I am sure he was only looking for the young ladies' custom, when they become wives."

This sally for a while gave the conversation somewhat of a pleasanter direction; but when they had rung all the usual changes on this *fruitful* subject, they returned to the old and inexhaustible theme. No man forgets his original trade; the rights of nations and of kings, says a great writer, sink into questions of grammar, if grammarians discuss them. In like manner, when Irishmen discuss them, particularly after dinner, they sink into toasts, and oftentimes into worse.

"Your toast," said the worthy president to his compeer, or croupier,* as the Scotch, if I mistake not, are pleased, though I know not for what reason, to term him who sits at the foot of the table. "Lady! Gentleman! or Sentiment."

"I will give you the top of gentlemen then," said Mr. Vice, "aye, the very tip-top. Here's the king's health, and confusion to his enemies! May he live for ever to plague them; or at any rate, as Don somebody says in the newspaper, may he live these thousand years."

"It has been given already," said the accommodating host; "however a good story, they say, is never the worse for its being twice told; so here it goes a second time. Come, gentlemen, fill your glasses; it is a bumper toast—no sky-lights."

Charlton, willing to show his loyalty in a manner which, after the drenching he had got, was by no means an uncomfortable one, filled his glass to the brim—"The King's health," said he, extending his arm; "may he live for ever, or at least as long as ever king did!"

"Standing, standing," exclaimed the *noble* host, "no drinking the king's health on our chairs. D— me, I would stand if

it was a mile to the bottom, as the saying is, and I had the gout in both my toes."

They all stood up, and our youth stood readily up also.

"The king's health," again said he, slapping the table violently for the purpose of greater effect; as he recollected reading in one of Goldsmith's essays, that great man, on his admittance to a club, perhaps as noisy, but certainly less dangerous than the present company, had done.

All these demonstrations of loyalty, however, would not do; for the climax, or anti-climax rather, of drinking the king's health was yet to come.

"I love my king," said the little pursey vice-president, in leather breeches, and tight boots and spurs; "and here goes his health on my knees, by H——, if I were never to get off them again!"

From the difficulty indeed he had of getting on them, that seemed, without assistance, no unlikely matter to happen.

At this instant the gentleman who had accompanied the ladies on the jaunting car, came into the room, and seemingly taking in the whole affair with a glance, he hastily filled a glass of wine, and threw himself on his knees, with an air of mock-gravity, which contrasted strongly with the solemnity of the others.

Our youth stood staring round him, with his untasted glass in his hand, as one after another, like a house of cards, the whole company popped down on their knees. All this mummery, he was well aware, was directed against himself, and he felt that without meanness, he could go no further than he had already gone. Looking steadily round him, therefore, while his kneeling companions, in every variety of awkward and painful attitude, looked up at him, with a firm voice he said—"The King's health in a bumper (no sky-lights you perceive, gentlemen,) and confusion to his enemies; and more wisdom," (this he said in an under voice) "to his friends.

Drink it *you* kneeling if you will; I kneel only to God!"

Thus saying he left the room, leaving the company, like their renowned predecessors in the Critic, on their knees, and apparently (some of them at least) as much at a loss how to get off them.

"Had I the ordering it," thought he, "they should all exeunt kneeling, or they should not leave that room for one while."

He went for a few moments to the tea-table; but the young, and, as he had deemed her, fair lady whom he had expected to see, did not make her appearance, though her elderly companion did. This latter's society was not of a kind to compensate for the loss of that of the other, for though she spoke little, she looked at him with an eye so much askance, that he thought he must have inadvertently given her some cause of offence; but as he had no recollection of having ever seen her before, he rather attributed it to his supposed politics, which, judging of her by the company he had left,

would, he naturally enough concluded, be but an indifferent recommendation of him.

At all events, crowded as the house was, and crowded with such people too, he felt that his room would, in common phrase, be more agreeable than his company; and as the evening was now become fair, he with very little ceremony took his leave.

As he was mounting his horse, the gentleman who had accompanied the ladies, and who had appeared for an instant in the dining-room, came out on the lawn. He addressed a few words to our youth; who looking accidentally upwards as he turned to answer him, saw, as he thought, a female at a window, but concealed by the curtain, as if she wished not to be seen; he instantly, therefore, threw down his eyes again.

He had not travelled far when the rain returned with great violence; and to mend the matter, the shades of night were fast gathering round. He proceeded on, however, forwards as he thought, at a good

pace; but, with increasing darkness, came the distressing doubt whether or no he was on the right road; and soon the inequalities of the way, the rough rocks rather than stones, and mountain torrent's increasing roar, left it no longer in doubt that he had gone astray, and was no more on the right road to Eglamour Park or town, than, as is said by Fielding, in his inimitable Tom Jones, a griping cruel miser is on the right road to heaven.

He dismounted from his horse, and as, almost on his hands and knees, he was endeavouring to make out something like a road, it is possible he would have purchased the luxuries of a warm room, a good fire, and hot supper, even at the extravagant price of drinking the king's health on his knees, and of bearing the sour looks of a peevish old woman.

But it was now too late, had even his manhood allowed him, to return, for he neither knew the way backwards nor forwards, nor to either side. Leading his horse,

therefore, and floundering as he best could through mud and mire, bog and briar, he proceeded on at hazard, apostrophizing, in no very benign terms, both orangemen and united Irishmen; Irish bogs and mountains; by no means forgetting the want of moon-light, all of which he accused of combining to produce his present misfortune.

Weary and exhausted, he at length seated himself on a huge stone, which, for aught he could tell, or for that matter indeed cared, might have served as a resting place to one of the heroes or heroines of Ossian. At this instant throwing his eyes around, he saw a light glimmer at a distance, disappear, and again appear.

He kept his eye steadfastly fixed on this polar star (the light came from the north, as all light in Ireland was then supposed to do), on this polar star of his hopes, and advancing slowly and cautiously, he at length stood in front of a long and low

building resembling a barn, from which it proceeded; and from which a short while before the sound as of merriment had reached his ear.

"My country-people," thought he, "keep their carouse in a wild place; but be they drunk, or be they devils (that is always supposing they are neither orange nor green) I shall make one among them."

They were musical devils at all events; for at that instant they broke out into the following in full chorus; the tune was the Dusky Night, which their out-of-door auditor, whatever he might think of the song, could not deny was an appropriate one:

While freedom spreads her banner forth,
  And bids her sons all join;
Why should not we, like men of worth,
  Make haste to form the line,
      And banish tyranny,
      And banish tyranny?
But ere we can our rights regain,
      We must united be.

The trying period is at hand,
  Which must decide the cause,
Whether we'll free our native land,
  Or yield to tyrant's laws.
    Then Freedom's sons beware—
    Then Freedom's sons beware,
And ne'er to great achievements run,
    Till you yourselves prepare.

Pray who is yon with crowned head,
  And sceptre in his hand?
Has he the earth and mankind made,
  That he should them command?
    No; Reason tells us plain—
    No; Reason tells us plain,
Of dust and ashes he is made—
    All mankind is the same.

Why should an ornament of pride,
  Or a high sounding name,
The rights of man for ever hide,
  And rob him of the same?
    But the delusion's past—
    But the delusion's past;
The veil is drawn, the folly has
    Appear'd to view at last.

Then let us calmly wait the time,
And strike the final blow,
To punish traitors for their crimes,
And lay the tyrants low.
Hail! then, Hibernia's Isle!
Hail! then, Hibernia's Isle!
The gloomy night is near an end—
The day begins to smile.

"The Lord be merciful to me," ejaculated the young man, as the song was drawing to a conclusion; "my dusky night seems only beginning. Black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey, mingle to torment me. Between orangemen and united men, I shall have to seek my habitation on the heath."

He was turning round again, to venture upon the palpable obscure, when he was rudely seized on either side, and dragged into this Cacus's cave. The manner of his entrance, indeed, was in the usual way of the victims' appearance there; for he was dragged in backwards.

"Who are you?—what do you want?—what were you about there?—an orange-man?—an aristocrat?—a spy?—an informer?" asked, as it seemed at the same time, innumerable voices.

"An informer's reward for him," said one, aiming a blow at him with a pole, which, had it taken effect, would in all probability have cut the argument, as well as our story, short.

"To h— with the spy!" shouted another, handling a piece of cord of very ominous thickness.

At the sight of this implement of strangulation, our youth, who by this time had a little recovered the breath they were preparing, or at least proposing, to deprive him of, vehemently protested his innocence, and assured the good company that he was there merely by accident.

What effect his protestations might have had on the united brethren, it is not easy to say; but as, collared and pinioned, he was dragged forwards into the centre of the place, he heard, with what delight we may

conceive, a well-known voice exclaim, "Let the young man go! he is neither informer nor spy, but a true man!"

It was the ci-devant usher, his worthy tutor, who had thus unexpectedly appeared to rescue him, and who spoke in such befitting phrase. Nor was his assistance confined to mere speaking; for suiting the word to the action, and the action to the word, he disengaged the young man from his rude assailants, with a violence which sent some of them reeling to the further end of the place.

His joy at the sight of his quondam pupil, was scarcely less great than it had been on the occasion of their former meeting.

"Ah my dear boy," said he, "welcome! *Quis Deus*, (this seems to have been a favourite salutation with the good man,) *aut casus Deo felicior, nos conjunxit.* But *taisez vous*, as the French say; take a little breath, and then you will answer me the readier."

Thus saying, he conducted his young

friend to the best seat the place afforded, which indeed was only a deal board, supported at each end by a stone.

The barn, for such it really was, was brilliantly illuminated by a number of girandoles, more ingeniously imagined, it must be confessed, than skilfully executed. They were in reality large peats, or turf as they are more frequently called, in which holes were cut, and candles stuck; and as our youth gazed on the ruddy lights, as they gleamed on the rough visages (they at least appeared such to him) of those that sat underneath them, he called to mind the flaming turf stuck on a spear, which, borne onwards and onwards, had so often, in old times, called the inhabitants of those rude mountains to battle. "Had it still been thus," said he to himself, "it would have guided me on my wild path, and above all, it would have shown me what to shun; but alas for me! the united Irishmen kindle their beacon in a barn, and like the worthy son of Gil Perez, in his Souterrain,

*me voila pris comme un rat dans une ratiere.*"

Taken in truth, he fairly was; and as still somewhat bewildered, he continued to gaze around him, he could not help comparing his situation to that of the benighted traveller of a tale, who, in the working of his troubled imagination, sees rivers rise, and fires blaze before him. "And oh!" ejaculated he, "that this infernal barn, pikes, and pike-heads, with all the rabble rout of rebellion, would vanish in like manner, and (so that I had only one of those choice candalabras to light me) would leave me where it found me, on the dreary heath!"

Refreshments, such as they were, were now handed to him; and his reverend friend, who was the most eager in pressing them on him, again inquired the cause of his being there.

"Right glad I am to see you, though," said he, "let the cause be what it will; and so should you too, to see yourself here, if

you knew but all; for this is not every-day company," concluded he in a whisper, "that you are in."

Briefly Charlton told his story, for it was an ungracious one, and *pauca verba,* he thought, befitted it best. He had fled from the orange, and had stumbled upon the green. Willing to avoid Scylla, he had come bump upon Charybdis. This at another time he would, and in more befitting language, in all probability have said; but just then, he was in no humour for classical quotation.

"And now," said he, (having gulped down a few mouthfuls of liquor—for to eat the strong hung-beef, and hard oaten bread, that was offered to him, he found himself unable,) "and now, being so comfortably refreshed, and the night (it blew almost a hurricane,) looking so fine, I shall intrude no longer on this hospitable company, but get on to Eglamour as fast as I can. I have particular business there, and time and tide you know"—addressing himself

more particularly to his friend the clergyman, whose countenance indicated opposition,—"and time and tide, you know, wait for no man."

"And that is too true," said the good man, who had stuck himself so close to his side, that the one could not move, without the other moving also; "and there they have the advantage of us, my good young Mr. Charles, for we must wait for them, and your time of leaving this is not by some good hours, I can tell you, come yet; I have more than a word, it may be, to say to you; but I will put that off to a better opportunity; *meliori tempore dicam;* I must now get forward with the business of the evening, in which, to tell God's truth, your coming among us, as it were from the clouds, not a little disturbed, and for that matter frightened us too."

"But I am a stranger," replied Charlton, "to all this good company, except to yourself. I am no united Irishman, as you well know. I have, therefore, no right to be

present at the business you are on. Pardon me, if I say I have no inclination neither."

"The less you deserve, the more merit in our bounty," said the good-natured man, interposing between his young friend and the rough audience; who seemed to take this contempt of, or at least indifference to, their high mysteries in great dudgeon; "you shall soon have the right, and I warrant you with it will come the inclination. This barn is the opposite of the river Salamis, for you shall go out twice the man that you came in."

"I should rather think it the cave of Trophonius," replied Charlton, "into which those who once enter never laugh more."

However it might be with him, his companions, as they may now be well enough called, laughed loudly and heartily too. To see and hear them, it seemed as if they were about to rehearse a show, rather than a rebellion; and another song was sung, like the last music of a theatre, before the drawing up of the curtain.

Silence was now loudly called for; and, after some time, was obtained—at least in the partial degree that might be expected, in such an assembly. Mr. Dimond, who seemed the master of the revels, supported on each side by two grave and reverend signiors as coadjutors, took his seat on the cross board at the upper end of the barn. Several seated themselves on the long one, which ran lengthways down it. Some sat down on stones; and others again, for the apparent purpose of better hearing, squatted themselves cross-legged on the floor, like Turks in their harems.

The choice and select divan now complete, the pious preacher of rebellion, like a grave Nestor, with whom it was to counsel, while others acted, slowly arose—and having coughed, hemmed, taken snuff, blown his nose, and gone through all the other preliminaries, with which indifferent orators ordinarily prelude their discourses, he proceeded to open up the cause of the present meeting.

Were we to give his speech in his own words, it would occupy more space, than it is probable would give pleasure in the reading; for the united Irishmen, (those of the North at least,) more at home in arts than in arms, thought that the battle was almost to be won by much writing and speaking; and, it must be acknowledged, they were sparing of neither—We shall therefore, as much as possible, compress his discourse, and merely give the substance of it.

Treason, it seems, had, with sacrilegious foot, made its way into the very body of the union; and had nigh stolen away the life of the building. Even in their hallowed association, and in one of its principal members too, a traitor had been found. The arts of the wicked had prevailed; and this second miserable Judas was induced to sell himself for silver. The dread consequence was, that the great and good men who had watched over them, even as a father watcheth over his children, were in custody. The

gallant Lord Edward Fitzgerald likewise, who was an host in himself, had, after a desperate resistance, in which it was to be feared he had been mortally wounded, been apprehended; as were several others, whom he should not mention, but who, in name and consideration, were only inferior to that distinguished, he would not say nobleman, but man.

Thus by base and unheard-of treachery, was the Committee of Direction for the present dissolved; but while he mourned over the heavy affliction—and that it was a very heavy one, he would not pretend to deny—he had the consolation of informing them, that the committee would be immediately filled up again, and that too, by equally zealous and resolute men. In the mean time, let the people, thus deprived of their guardians and leaders, take careful heed to themselves; let them not suffer themselves to be cut to pieces piecemeal, for that was the only way their enemies could get the better of them. The moment so long look-

ed for was approaching; and he trusted none of those who now heard him, would be taken unawares like the foolish virgins; but when the cry arose, that the bridegroom was coming, would be found with their lamps ready trimmed, and lighted in their hands. That was to say, in plain English, and without a figure, that those who had them, should put on their green uniforms—and that those who had them not, should instantly procure them.

For his part, he was personally a stranger among them, but (here he lowered his voice, and looked modest) still he flattered himself, he was not altogether unknown to them. His writings, he trusted, had somewhat fanned the sacred flame of freedom, and borne it perhaps a little further than it would otherwise have gone. But (changing at once from piano to forte, or maestoso rather) not by his pen only, but by his sword—*tam Marte quam Mercurio*, translated he, (thus giving the troops a specimen of the Latin, of which it seems they were

so fond; though to their sorrow, poor people, they shortly found, that those they had to contend with, were somewhat more substantial than ghosts,.and were not to be thus exorcised,) but not by his pen only, but by his sword, he was ready to serve them. Those who would strike with the sword, he would smite with the sword; and unlike poor misguided Pompey, (another allusion for the benefit of his unlearned audience) he would go, not for, but against those modern Cæsars, not only with the sword, but with the buckler too.

Having paused a few moments to wipe his forehead, and to receive the applause which this gallant declaration merited, and apparently indeed demanded, he proceeded to explain to them the more immediate reason of his thus addressing them.

The adjutant-general of their country, he was almost ashamed to inform them, had for ever disgraced himself; and resigned his trust in the very hour of their utmost need. Like a poltroon, and more

foul even than poltroon, like a renegado, he had refused to put the people in motion; and till another was appointed, he (the Reverend Orator,) was prepared to act in his stead. The array of his own county, he was happy to announce to them, was in readiness, and eager to strike, when strike should be said. The exact time that this awful word should be spoken, he would not, he could not indeed tell them, but he was sure that it would be soon!—"and when you hear of the destruction of the mail coaches," continued he, as if he had reserved himself in an especial manner for the peroration—"be ready, not to flee to the mountain tops though, but to tread the green fields, for the hour is then come!—it is then you must rouse all the best energies of your souls, and march with a steady step to a speedy death, or a joyful victory!"

"*Cita mors, aut victoria læta*. . . . Horace . . . . hem," muttered Charlton to himself.

"Heed not the trappings of their horsemen or their footmen, or the glitter of their

helmets or their spears!—arm yourselves in every way in your power, and rush like lions upon them. Let the intervening moments (few may they be, and quick passing,) be spent in disciplining yourselves, and in preparing for the fight. And when it rages the fiercest, and when you rush into the thickest of it, bravely resolve to conquer or die; and conquer, my friends, in that case you surely shall; for you shall no longer have enemies to contend with, or you will be far beyond the reach of them.

## CHAP. XV.

O gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now for our consciences,—the arms are fair,
When the intent for bearing them is just.

WHILE this animated summons,—it was at least intended to be such,—to death or victory, was making, Charlton had leisure to survey, more fully than he had yet done, the society of which, so contrary to his inclination, he formed a part. It consisted, as he conjectured, of about thirty-five or forty persons of all ages, though by far the

greater number were young men. With scarcely an exception, they bore the garb of gentlemen; though from the uproar, which, with slight intermission, had prevailed among them, he had little reason to suppose that they really belonged to the class of them.

They were, however, all persons in a respectable condition of life; but the truth is, they had been making free with the bottle; possibly they required something to keep their courage to the sticking point; at all events, they were fuller of wine (for whiskey was a prohibited liquor) than of wisdom. They were well aware that the hour of talking was nearly over, and that that of doing was at length come; and it required more than ordinary courage, for men belonging to the middle classes of society, and brought up, as they had all been, to peaceable pursuits, coolly to survey death in the field first; and if escaped here, to meet it most likely on the gallows. They neither did not, nor could, thus coolly

survey it; and they strove, therefore, by noise and bluster, to avoid the sight of it; as children shut their eyes in the dark, to keep out those figures of the fancy which they fear to behold.

They were not, however, as our youth had supposed, a motley group of the country people, met with little object, and brought together at random. On the contrary, they were a select and distinguished few. They were, for the most part, not less important personages, indeed, than the delegates and colonels of the county; and were especially assembled, for the purposes we have seen.

This piece of information (they were now risen, and huddled into little groups), one of the former, with an assumption of great superiority, communicated to our youth; who, shivering as he recollected the liberal offer of the last delegate he had the honour of being in company with, now meditated an apology; should a similar offer (and his

mind misgave him that it soon would be again made to him.

"I had better be sick," thought he, "if I could but only hit on a good thumping malady; I dare not, however, say with honest Bull-calf, that I caught a whoreson cold, in ringing on the king's affairs; it would be only ringing my own knell, or making some of my kind friends here ring it for me."

His misgiving did not, in part at least, mislead him. His careful friend the adjutant-general, as we may call him, taking him by the arm, and leading him a little aside, plainly told him, that it was no longer now a matter of choice, but of absolute necessity; and that he must immediately, *nolens* or *volens* he might say, become an united Irishman. He advised him, therefore, to do with a good grace, what, whether with a good or an ill grace, must still be done. "As you came in here," said he, "you cannot go out again. Ours are like the Eleusinian

mysteries; and no one, unless he partakes, can witness them and live."

"And who made me witness them?" asked the young man angrily;—"who but yourself?—who detained me in this confounded barn, when I should almost have given a leg, or an arm, to have been any where else. You ride post haste to destruction; and not content with that, you must have me at your side."

"Not so, I trust," said the kindly-hearted man—for such, with all his foibles, he certainly was; "if I thought so, it is a journey, believe me, I would much rather take by myself. But on the contrary, I shall lead you, I trust, to honour and glory. But of that, we shall have time enough to talk hereafter. In the mean time, you have, as I have said, witnessed our proceedings, and must swear never to speak of them."

"I never will speak of them, I swear," replied Charlton!

"You swear," proceeded the adjutant-general,—"hand the bible some of you,

will you?—by the holy contents of this book, and in the awful presence of God, to endeavour to form a brotherhood of affection among Irishmen of every persuasion; and that you will likewise endeavour to obtain a full and equal representation of all the people of Ireland. And you further voluntarily—mind, it is voluntarily,—swear, that neither hopes nor fears, threats nor promises, shall ever induce you to inform or give evidence against me, for administering this oath, or against any person here present, for any act, or expression of his, either in or out of this society."

"Swear!" exclaimed various voices from different parts of the barn; intermeddling in the ceremony, pretty much in the same manner that the ghost does in the swearing of Horatio and Marcellus.

"I do swear," repeated the poor persecuted and overwhelmed youth; "and shall never, so much as by a shake of the head, or by a doubtful look or phrase, show that I know any thing of any of you. As to brother-

hood of affection and equal representation, it sounds to me like mere jargon; at all events, I know nothing of either of them."

Notwithstanding this saving clause, the oath was held, as taken without reservation; and loud shouts, and shaking of hands, greeted the new brother.

The worthy adjutant-general, who had the principal share in the pious work, and who besides loved haranguing, or, in the language of the country, liked to hear himself talk, would have addressed him on the important duties of a united Irishman; but the other, with little ceremony, interrupted him.

"A united Irishman!" repeated he;—"I am none."

"After just taking the oath, nearly before forty witnesses!—O for shame of yourself, master Charles!" as the good man, with the happy pliancy of the imagination that skips back to past time, as well as forward to future, continued to call him—"O for shame of yourself! why man, an

anabaptist might as well deny his baptism, after jumping head over heels into the river before the entire congregation."

"The oath then," said Charlton, in astonishment, "has made me one."

"To be sure it has," replied a young colonel, who was standing beside him; "nobody here, I am sure I at least, ever took any other. So prepare yourself, citizen brother, and get your pike ready; and if you please, you may have a bargain of my nice green jacket; it is got rather tight for me, and I should like to buy another."

"You may wear it yourself, or get a new one, as you like it, for me," said Charlton; "as to pike, or pistol, neither the one, nor the other, if I can help it, shall ever cross hand of mine; that I *voluntarily* swear. Let those who dislike government, if they please, try their strength with it, and see what they will get by it. I shall make a fool's bargain with it; and if it lets me alone, I will let it alone."

Mr. Dimond smiled, and nodded sagaciously to the company.

"The newly-caught bird must have time to tame itself," said he; "that is but reasonable; let it beat its cage awhile, and it will do, never fear, all that we would. Now, if you please, we shall have a mouthful of something to eat. We shall carry on the war the better for it," concluded he, with an applauding laugh at his own wit.

The proposition was readily acceded to; and colonels and delegates, like the heroes of Homer, bestirred themselves, in placing on the board (it was literally one) the supper of which, as to a pic-nic entertainment, or to a beggar's feast, each one had brought his part. Appetite, which is sauce to the coarsest fare, was not wanting; and hung beef, and oaten cake, seemingly impenetrable to knife or tooth, vanished as speedily as grated beef, and bread and butter, could have done.

The oaten cake, indeed, had a double

debt to pay, for it served both for plate and banquet; and, had the harpies of the Emerald Island (the orangemen very possibly were so reckoned) prophesied, like their predecessors of old, that their adversaries should eat their plates and dishes, the prediction would have been here fulfilled to the letter.

The liquor was little german to the meat; for that barn and banquet, wine and wassail, should be as contrarious as possible, claret was the diluent of their dry food.

The manner of drinking it was not less extraordinary; nor, to those who had a narrow swallow, or who drank in a hurry (there were many of the latter description), less dangerous; for a rummer glass or two being cracked in the carriage, or in performing their eternal rounds, the bottle itself became the rummer, or the potorium, as the learned president facetiously called it; and many a bottle, it may truly be said, was *cracked* that night; for instant as it

was emptied, it was manfully thrown over the galliard's shoulder, accompanied by a curse, a sentiment, or a joke.

The company, indeed, had by this time got very jokesome; all but our youth, who, though he had *cracked* his bottle, as well as the others, while he felt the wine in his head, still found grief at his heart.

In the very height of their merriment, a man apparently spent with spurring, stained with the variation of each soil, or bespattered rather from the head to the heel, stood suddenly before them!

"Yea this man's brow, like to a title leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume;"

said Charlton to himself, as he gazed on him.

And it was even so!—He came full fraught with tidings of the most important kind; and could the poor thoughtless beings who hailed them with acclamations, have looked into futurity, they would to many, in a greater or less degree, per-

haps to all of them, have been tidings of woe.

The curtain, it seemed, was drawn up; and sooner even than Mr. Dimond himself, with all his information, had expected, the bloody drama was begun. The mail coaches had been all either stopped, or destroyed, the evening before; and several battles had been fought and won.

This was authentic, and might be confidently relied on. It was less certain, though currently reported, that the Lord Lieutenant and his satellites had fled, and that Dublin was in possession of their brethren. The French, there was little doubt, had landed in the south; and to this perhaps the retrograde movement of the Lord Lieutenant, and the commander of the forces, (they had established their head quarters at Liverpool, or Warrington; the discreet messenger, could not, for fear of telling a lie, exactly say which,) was in a great measure to be attributed.

Here the tumultuous exultation of the

frantic bacchanals of the secret committee overwhelmed the almost breathless speaker; and shouting and rejoicing were only to be heard.

"Erin go bragh, *ma vour*—Ireland, my darling, for ever!" substituted the adjutant-general; being, like most Irish protestants, no great Irish scholar; and unable at that particular time, for reasons that may be surmised, to pronounce trippingly, even the single phrase he had got by heart, in order to please his catholic brethren.

"*Vivva la repub*....," commenced the young colonel who had out-grown his jacket, but he was obliged to desist for a similar reason; his French being pretty much on a footing with his general's Irish. "Long live the republic, one and undivisible," resumed he, in language more familiar to him; uprearing at the same time his bottle, while the glad company plighted him.

"*Esto perpetua!*" exclaimed a middle-aged man, rushing into the middle of the

floor, with clasped hands, knee bent, and eyes raised to heaven, "long suffering, oppressed, trampled on, and trod down native land! Saved from the Romans, only to suffer the more from the Danes, the Saxons, and, though last not least, from your own sons! O! may your destiny, bright gem of the ocean, and queen of the west! which has so long been evil, as long be good! While your green grass grows, and crystal waters run, may your sons be all free men, and your daughters be virtuous as they are fair!"

"That is a Catholic," said Charlton to himself. "He is in earnest; those others are only acting!"

"And now, my friends," said Mr. Dimond, for at such a moment I would designate him by no ludicrous appellation; "And now, my friends, gird up your loins, and arm yourselves in good earnest for the fight! Go; and the God of your Fathers, of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, go

along with you! Slay those (it is the curse of war) who would slay you; but spare the fallen, however a foe he may have been!

"I am a Christian minister, as well as a soldier; and in the name of that God whom I serve, I tell you, that vengeance is his, and he has said it; and that only one vengeance on your fallen enemy is permitted you—spare and pardon him!"

## CHAP. XVI.

Age, old age, in sickness, pain, and sorrow,
Creeps with length'ning shadow o'er the scene;
Life was yesterday, 'tis death to-morrow,
And to-day the agony between.
Then how longs the weary soul for thee,
Bright and beautiful eternity!

THE barn which had been chosen by the committee, as a place of seclusion and safety, stood apart from any house,—that to which it had originally belonged having been burned down by the military a short time before; a mode of teaching the disaffected loyalty, by no means uncommon at that period in Ireland.

But there was no need of seclusion now; and with the first rays of light, the elated

party prepared to depart, and repair to their respective posts.

The worthy Mr. Dimond would have taken his young pupil with him; but this kind offer was declined with less courtesy than it was offered. The young man indeed was extremely uneasy—for, neither an enthusiast nor drunk, he saw their enterprise nearly in its true colours, and had little doubt but that destruction awaited his misguided friend—and if he took not better care, awaited likewise himself.

He was deaf, therefore, alike to the good man's remonstrances and arguments; and when they were arrived at the great road, if such it might be called, he separated from him with a kind of misgiving, that in all probability they should never meet again.

He had no useless sympathy, however, to throw away upon others; and his thoughts, as he travelled slowly along, sadly reverted to himself. He was,—so unaccountably that it seemed like a dream, now a mem-

ber of what was deemed a treasonable association; and by the law, or rather suspension of the law, of that period, liable to be hanged on the first tree.

Hangmen, he knew, would never be wanting; and as he descended from the mountains into the low lands, he saw countenances among the straggling parties of yeomen which he met with, well adapted, as it seemed to him, to such a purpose.

Happily, they belonged for the most part to the neighbourhood of the town he was now approaching; and as the intimacy in which he had lived with the noble personage to whom it belonged, was better known than his present quarrel with him, he was allowed to pass unquestioned; though many an angry eye scowled on the young croppy—and a straggling drunkard who rode full against him, flourished his sword over his obnoxious head, in a manner that denoted the inclination at least, to put out of the way that badge of disloyalty.

On his arrival in the town, he found a new, though rather a ludicrous than a dangerous scene of disturbance.

A party of Scotch fencibles, on their march upwards, had, by a different route from that which he had taken, made their appearance there a few minutes before; and without much order of billeting, had taken up their quarters, in numbers greater or lesser, as they liked the appearance of their accommodation.

The house where our youth lodged was honoured with an extra proportion of those discerning Scotchmen. His host kept a circulating library, and, by rather an incongruous minglement of professions, was likewise a retailer of bread. Whether it was that the Irish of that day were not a reading people, or (as had happened to Filmour in the West Indian) had left off being so when he turned librarian, it is certain the honest man had not relied solely on the literature of his country-people for support, but had prudently conjoined to his trade of

bookselling, a trade that is never out of fashion; and that all due notice should be given that he was a provider of food for the body as well as the mind, a ponderous sign swung over his door, on one side of which was painted what was meant for a book, and on the other a loaf of most attractive dimensions; while his own name was written in large characters underneath, in his double capacity of Bookseller and Baker.

Notwithstanding the praises which have been bestowed on the Scotch for their learning, they seemed on the present occasion no more bookish than the greater part of the poor man's customers; and turning their backs on his books, gave their sole attention to the loaves, which, smoking-hot from the oven, were ranged in goodly rows on shelves by themselves.

These military marauders ate them all up to the last loaf, draining to the bottom at the same time a huge churn full of cream, which the industrious housewife, at the moment of their unwelcome appear-

ance, was preparing to convert into butter and butter-milk.

The Scotch, however (different in that respect, it is to be feared, from the inhabitants of both the sister countries) are not, even in the utmost licence of military misrule, an insolent people; and these I am writing of, contented with eating the honest baker's bread, drinking his wife's cream, and retaining their own coin, walked quietly away, civilly promising him payment on their return—that is, if they recollected it, and happened to return that way.

In this loafless condition of his host, Charlton seemed doomed to go without his breakfast; but some bread was at length procured for him; and having swallowed a cup or two of tea, he betook himself to what, after so much fatigue of body and agitation of mind, he stood in greater need of—and that was repose.

He enjoyed the luxury of a comfortable bed, during the greater part of the day; and when he arose in the evening, it was too

late, he thought, to wait on Lord Eglamour as he had proposed. The time was he might have waited on him at any hour, and without ceremony; but that time was no longer; and it behoved him now to regulate his visit with the punctilious etiquette of a duellist taking the field. He therefore put off the explanation he meditated, till the following morning; "and surely," thought he, as he lulled himself to repose, with the soothing idea of a reconciliation with his lordship; "art shall not always prevail, but truth will make itself be heard; and Lord Eglamour, I am sure, is too penetrating, and too good a physiognomist, not to read it in my face, as well as on my tongue."

But our youth had too little acquaintance with the great to be aware that the chief difficulty, under certain circumstances, was to get access to them at all; and that when once, whether with or without reason, thoroughly offended, they would neither look on the face, nor listen to the tongue.

Whether or no Lord Eglamour would have thus had eyes and not seen, and ears and not heard with them, was not put to the trial; for the following morning, as Charlton was sitting at breakfast, he learned, to his great discomfiture, that his lordship was preparing to set off instantly for Dublin; and a few minutes afterwards, his travelling carriage, with out-riders and attendants armed up to the teeth, drove rapidly past the window.

As the sound of his chariot wheels became fainter and fainter, our poor youth felt the hopes in which he had been indulging, die fast away within him—and bitterly he now repented that he had not sought him out at the very moment of his arrival in the town.

But regret was now unavailing; his noble patron, as he had fondly hoped he would again have been, was gone; and he must instantly resolve (the times, indeed, did not admit of a moment's delay) where he had best go himself. It was a knotty

point to decide, and in aid of his own judgment, he betook himself to the venerable clergyman, with whom he had spent a week on his first coming to Eglamour, and solicited his advice.

The good old man was now almost bedridden, and besides was at the time very unwell; but his sensibility was still warm, and his judgment unimpaired. He listened with profound attention, as his young friend communicated to him the eventful history of the last ten days, and the consummation of all, as it seemed, in the scene of the night before the last.

"Alas!" my young friend," said he, "I lament, as much as you can do, the unfortunate fatality which drove you among those infatuated men. It is no easy matter to tell you how to go backwards—and to go forwards, in all likelihood, is death. The wrongs of Ireland may be—it is beyond may be—they are many; but these are not the persons who are to right them; they have neither the means, the ability, nor

the courage, as in the hour of trial, they will to their sorrow find."

"But it is but justice to them to say, that they do not rely on themselves alone," said our youth. "They have the most positive assurances of assistance from the French; and for aught I know, the succours may be at this moment actually arrived."

"Ah! the French," said the good old man, shaking his head; "their assurances are but a sorry pledge of performance; and when you have lived but half the time in the world that I have done, you will know how little reliance is to be placed on them. They will do with us as they did with the Scotch, long syne as a Scotchman would express it,—tempt us into rebellion, and then leave us to shift for ourselves. Let not this, therefore, influence your determination, or weigh with you in the slightest degree; but credit a man upwards of four-score years of age, that destruction, swift and sure, awaits the association of which, under all the circumstances, no dispas-

sionate person can for a moment consider you as one. I tell you that in less than six weeks, the unsubstantial pageant will have vanished into air—into thin air. But should it be otherwise; should, contrary to all expectation, to all chance even, our revolutionists prevail, how would it be the better for them, or for you! They are not, you are not, of the sect that would govern; and the one which should, has yet the hard, the hardest of all lessons to learn—to govern itself!"

"Surely," said Charlton, in some astonishment at hearing his aged friend express himself in this manner; "surely these were not always your sentiments; how often have I heard you reprobate the conduct of government; and the very last time you were at Lord Eglamour's table, you maintained the right, and duty even, of the people to resist arbitrary rule."

"It is very true," replied the venerable man; "but sickness and solitude marvellously change a man; and stretched as I

may possibly be upon my last bed, how little seems it to me worth while to trouble, or it might be to shorten, our frail and fleeting existence by political strife. The letting of it out—I need not tell you where that is written—is indeed as the letting out of water; and never, as was well remarked by his lordship on the occasion you mention, was a generation which brought about a revolution the better for it; and how many generations, let me ask you, must pass away, before a numerous class of our misgoverned and misguided countrymen could avail themselves of freedom, or even comprehend what it meant!"

"Many, I have little doubt," said Charlton, giving utterance to his jest in the midst of his perplexity, as old Chancellor Moore is said to have done as he was mounting the scaffold; "many, I have little doubt; they have been so long hewers of wood and drawers of water, that freedom would very likely sit as awkwardly on them, as a birth-day suit on an Esquimaux,

or a pair of breeches on a Highlander. But it is a subject," continued he in a graver tone, "on which, till within the last few days, I have never, or at least rarely, thought; and of all the young men in the land, indeed cared the least about. The letting out of strife may be as the letting out of water; but I sought it not, it sought me; and gladly at this moment would I betake myself to the uttermost parts of the earth, to be out of the way of it."

"There is no occasion to betake yourself so far," said Mr. Moseley; "only betake yourself to Eglamour park, and throw yourself on his lordship's protection. Confess to him your solitary transgression, if a transgression it can be called. He is generous, though prejudiced; and his letter shows that even in the midst of his anger, he cares for you still."

"He is gone from the park," said Charlton; "he left it a few hours ago, terrified by the report—artfully propagated, I am sure, by a vile woman whom I shall not

name—that the county commander meant to establish his head-quarters in his hall. But were he even still there, I could not confess my transgression, or my folly, or my cowardice, or whatever else it should be called, without breaking my oath, and mentioning names, in a particular manner a name, which I have sworn never to reveal."

" In the name of God then return, and without delay, to your native place, where you know and are known. You will not have long to seek shelter there, for soon, believe me, the storm will pass by; but to how many, alas! whom we value, shall the calm that follows be that of death!"

" It was what I was thinking of as I came along," said Charlton eagerly; " I should indeed be there in safety, but the difficulty is how to get there. Nobody, I learned before I left town, can now travel without a passport, or pass, as it is vulgarly called, signed either by an officer of the army or yeomanry, or by a magistrate;

and now that his lordship is away, I know not, to tell you the truth, where to apply for one."

"To his lordship's agent, of course," said Mr. Moseley; "he is both an officer of yeomanry, and a magistrate, and will not, I am sure, refuse you so slight a favour as this."

Our youth was not so sure of this, for he had been told that Miss O'Regan had not accompanied her noble protector, or relative, as she was pleased more decorously to call him, but was still at the park; and he knew without being told, that her influence over every one there was unbounded, and that the worthy agent and magistrate (a union of characters unfortunately too common in Ireland) who owed his situation to her, and was upheld in it by her, was the humblest and most devoted of her slaves. However, he was the only magistrate in the immediate neighbourhood, and our youth was determined to try him.

"He can but refuse me," thought he, as

he walked back to the town; "for though Desdemona could espy Othello's mind in his visage, this bloated and puffed-up functionary will not, I trust, be able to read united Irishman in mine."

He found the worthy magistrate, like a Roman consul prepared for battle, had exchanged the garb of peace for the short coat of war; and in his uniform as a yeomanry officer, and in a pair of jack-boots, tremendous almost as those of Major Sturgeon, was clattering up and down in front of the castle.

"Up those very steps," sighed our youth, "I have so often lightly bounded, and never met but with a kind welcome at the top.

——— O woe is me!
To see what I have seen, see what I see!"

The gallant yeomen in uniform jackets it is true, but their other garments were of every variety of texture and colour, were slowly assembling before their impatient commander.

"*Cedant arma togæ*," thought our youth, was the saying of a great orator of old; "though, poor man! he lived long enough to find it was not always so! I, too, am now fallen upon evil days and evil tongues, and must yield due obeisance to this upstart bashaw!"

He approached, therefore, with deprecating address, the great man, who, intimate though they had once been, scarcely deigned to return his salutation. It is true, the great lady, his commander as well as that of the forces, was standing at one of the windows, the stately though silent spectatress of the scene; and our youth blessed his kind stars, that it was her humour so to be; for gone as was the age of chivalry elsewhere, swords, he was well aware, would have leaped from their scabbards at the slightest bidding of hers.

Notwithstanding the formidable countenance that was fixed so sternly on him, he was preparing to make his request, when a yeoman, equipped for going on an express,

made his appearance mounted on our youth's horse, which, with the licence of the day, this familiar gentleman had taken out of the field, where, after its penance on the heath, it was quietly grazing.

Charlton, postponing the business he had come upon, and for the moment indeed forgetting it, loudly demanded his property; which at length, with ungracious reluctance, was given back to him.

"Give the rebel his poney," said the witty commander, "and let him ride on it to the devil, if he will. I would not trust a loyal cat, or a loyal dog on it, let alone a loyal man!"

The young man submitted to the joke, which however was rather made at him, than to him; and leading his horse walked quietly away.

"Where is the good of reading history, as I have somewhere seen remarked," thought he, "if one does not benefit by the examples it contains; and I should indeed have been a great fool, to have ban-

died words with that blood-hound, who, if he has not thirty legions at his back, has bull-dogs enough at his heels, to worry both my poor horse and myself!"

He returned in the evening to his venerable friend, but found him so anxious about him, and so weak and ill, that he resolved not to perplex him further with his difficulties; but told him in a general kind of way, that he had made all the necessary arrangements for his departure, and that he would set off early the succeeding day.

The good old man expressed his satisfaction at the intelligence; and when they were about to part, took a kind, and even a solemn leave of him.

"You will return thither in all probability," said the venerable old man, "but you will see me no more. I am taking a different journey, but, I trust, we shall still meet again! I have confidence in my God, who also is your God; and I bless his holy name, virtuous young man! that

you also have placed your trust in him, and have kept yourself clear of the immorality and infidelity of the age. O! ever keep yourself thus clear, and ever be thus your trust in him! he will take you by the right hand, that you may not be unduly moved; he will make you to lie down in green pastures, and will lead you beside the still waters! And when youth fleeth—and soon will it flee,—and when heart and flesh faileth—as they now nearly fail with me,—he will be your stay and your support, your comfort and your exceeding salvation!"

END OF VOL. I.

C. Baldwin, Printer,
New Bridge-street, London.